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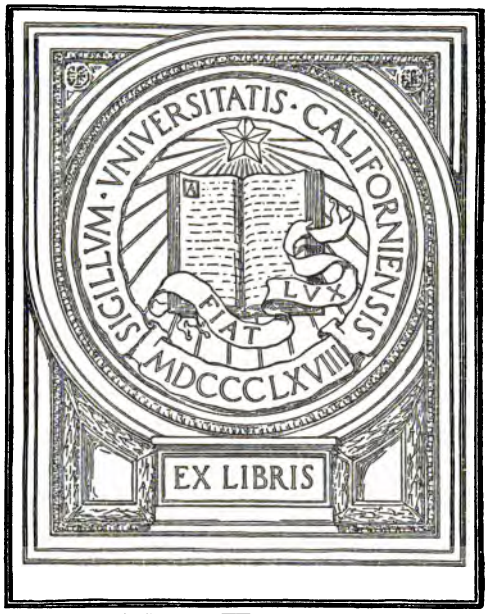
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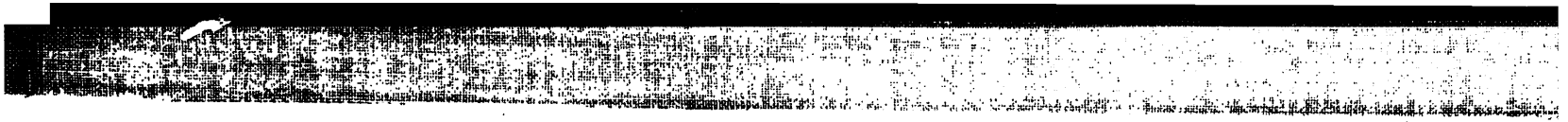

MATTHEW ARNOLD

AND THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

PAPERS OF THE ENGLISH CLUB OF SEWANEE

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY ITS PRESIDENT

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TO ALL WHO ARE PROMOTING
THE CAUSE OF LITERATURE
IN THE SOUTHERN STATES
THESE ESSAYS ARE INSCRIBED

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MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE English Club originated at Sewanee, Tennessee, in the summer of 1885. The object of its founders (residents of the place, mostly ladies, and several members of the University of the South) was a study of English words—their derivation, definition, and pronunciation. Interest in this field was erelong exhausted, and the Club advanced from a study of language to that of literature. In the season of 1886, popular lectures were delivered under its auspices, the subjects being, for the most part, English poets of the nineteenth century—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Tennyson. One evening was devoted to an American poet—Sidney Lanier,—and another to Mr. Ruskin's writings. Beside these, lectures were given by Germans on Klopstock and Lessing's *Laocoön*, and by an eminent Greek scholar on the poetess Sappho. The excellent attendance upon these lectures showed that the Club was supplying a widely felt need. In 1887, it was completely reorganized, and a new chapter in its history began. Its constituency changed, two or three members only preserving continuity, and its course of study was broadened and deepened, along Spencerian lines. So thorough was the change that it seemed ad-

classic, and (2) modern literature; what remains was of temporary interest, and consists chiefly of criticism of the political and religious situation in which he found himself —affording, thus, points for discussion. Between Arnold and the natural scientists his contemporaries there existed a kind of armed neutrality; they never struck up a cordial alliance, though all reacted against the dogmatic and supernaturalistic position of the preceding epoch. His most conspicuous deficiency was æsthetic; for fine art he seems to have cared little and of its principles and history to have known less. In the volumes of his letters there occurs no reference to his celebrated contemporary, the late President of the Royal Academy,—Sir Frederick Leighton. This is the more remarkable in that they were both of classic propensities; if any art might have been expected to appeal to Arnold, it would be Leighton's. In the course of discussion it was agreed that these two, with Jowett, sum up the prominent and essential features of the culture of their day—that is, our own, —and this by itself is a valuable point to gain.

The starting-point of our interpretation has just been hinted at; the work of the Club in 1897 was thrown into salient relief against a background furnished by previous years of study: the age, that is, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and of Tennyson's best work—in a word, the middle generation of the century, the years from 1830 to 1860. Beside the names last mentioned, those of Newman, Rossetti, and Mr. Ruskin may be adduced in evidence of the religious, idealistic, poetic character of that epoch. As types of the succeeding generation, we have to take Stanley, Jowett, Arnold, Leighton, Huxley, Mr. Spencer, George Eliot, and Mr. Hardy. That is to say, the key to our times is to be found in a strenuous and consistent reaction, at all points, against the ideas of the preceding generation. The inductive method of reasoning has superseded the deductive; our age, to repeat, is

critical; criticism, Biblical and literary, has been its commanding and absorbing interest—and its chief literary output beside has been fiction, and that of sceptical, realistic, and critical tendencies. Other notes have been the spread of democratic ideas and the extraordinary advance of physical science.

Taking Arnold, then, as our nucleus, we caused his figure to revolve before our eyes, so that it might be apprehended in its various aspects, and proceeded to plot out the age, securing consistency of design and consequent unity in our course of study, by focussing all lines of interest upon that figure, or making them radiate from it, bringing all to bear so as to illustrate or be illustrated by his work. A short paper on "The Late Course of Religious Thought" is devoted to an elucidation of the one central point—the principles and tendencies of the critical school in theology. This, like Arnold, is essentially anti-dogmatic, anti-supernaturalistic, and seeks, as he did, to eliminate the miraculous and prophetic elements from religion, and so to forestall a radical conflict between it and science. In a paper on "Ethical Thought," the series of moral theorists is unfolded and Arnold's place therein shown. It is to be observed that here alone in the course could a place be found for any extended mention of the great evolutionist philosophers whose work has been such a prominent feature of the age; any technical scientific exposition would have been out of keeping with the purely literary motive of the Club, but where scientific thought was projected into the sphere of morals it came just within its scope. There follows a summary statement of the leading internal political, economic, and social movements in England. The order of these papers is not haphazard but is designed to conform to natural fact; religious and moral motives are primary and deepest springs of action; they preceded, they underlie and inspire what is best in the great move-

ment of our time toward equality, and without them it could not be. Concerning the employment of quotations in this and other papers, it is just to state, right here, that several writers demurred to the publication of their essays on the ground that they had been prepared solely for the Club and a passing occasion, and that they were by no means original. The editor reassured them by suggesting that no sensible person could or would expect them to go to their imaginations for their facts, and made the incontestable point that the topics in question were essential to the design of the volume. We would make as patent as possible the critical, instructive motive of the book; in the preparation of its parts the usual authorities have been used; a collocation of quotations may be original,—may strike out a new thought or truth; and the value of the essays that follow resides in their relation to each other. With this explicit declaration of purpose and method, we may leave it to the courteous and competent reader to decide who were right, the editor or the essayists above mentioned, and so pass on. As an introduction to the paper on the late course of historic study and composition, the editor may perhaps be pardoned if he quotes a recently published opinion of his own relative to the exceeding importance of the subject: "History is destined to become the theatre of future discussion, the battle-field of the mind; all manner of questions, religious, political, literary, æsthetic,—questions of Biblical and ecclesiastical authority, of social and individual rights, —are bound to be carried eventually to the bar of history—that is, the experience of the race." An increasing recognition of this fact is one of the deepest notes of our time. We have next an essay on Arnold's critical principles, in which the sore need of our time—as he too considered it—is brought out, the imperative need of a healthy, consistent, competent, and trustworthy criticism, that is, a thoroughly educated criticism, instead of the

vanity, the moody, contradictory, incapable, misleading effusions, full of personal crotchets and prejudices, and of no possible use to either reader or author, that still commonly pass as criticism. The ensuing paper illustrates the contemporary reaction in art, marked by the resurgence of Raphael and Angelo, against the romanticism, symbolism, and mysticism of the Pre-Raphaelites. The remaining essays illustrate the application of critical principles before elicited in the interpretation of contemporary fiction and poetry, the aim in all being to furnish introductions as serviceable as possible to their respective subjects. The essays in the criticism of fiction throw suggestive side-lights on the movement toward equality illustrated in an earlier paper, and show how that art makes its contribution to great issues,—Mr. Meredith's fundamental principle being, apparently, the equality of the sexes, and " Marcella's," social equality; while those in the criticism of poetry show the relation of the present poet-laureate and Mr. William Watson to the central figure of the course, that relation in the latter case being peculiarly intimate. The determination of Mr. Watson's position in the history of English poetry was, indeed, one of the most striking results of the course. The papers were limited in length, as they were designed, severally, to afford a basis of discussion at successive meetings. Their actual order corresponded closely to the logical order according to which they are here arranged; in the conduct of the Club, emergencies arose that necessitated occasional transpositions.

In conclusion: this little book is sent forth in the hope and conviction that it will prove helpful to present and future students of Matthew Arnold.

I.

CHARACTER OF A. H. CLOUGH AS REVEALED IN HIS POEMS.

CLOUGH is a poet of peculiar interest to Americans by reason of his connection, as boy and man, with two representative seats of American culture, South and North,—Charleston and Cambridge. In the former city were passed the years of his early childhood; there his infant mind awoke, under the tutelage of a fond and cultivated mother; there he made his earliest sallies into the fascinating vistas of romance. In his prime of life and power he visited Cambridge, and was in intimate and cordial relations with the men of letters and learning who made the place illustrious in the middle of the century. He found much to enjoy in life in America, but felt a lack in it, he said, of depth of experience. Had he waited a few years longer, until the war of secession, the ground of that criticism would have been removed; he would have had no further cause of complaint on that score.

The few, simple external events of Clough's life are too well known to need enlargement here: his schooling at Rugby, where to the sensitive, imaginative child was applied the exalted moral standard of Dr. Thomas Arnold; his passage thence to the University of Oxford, in the héyday of the Tractarian Movement, where the spectacle of conflicting ecclesiastical views had the effect of reducing him to a species of religious paralysis; and

then (the crisis in his career, both ethical and literary) his resignation successively of tutorship and fellowship at the University and farewell to Oxford in the year 1848. His departure thence, which subjected him to misunderstanding and unfavorable criticism, was followed by a moment of Parnassian exhilaration that amply justified the step; it was as if he had escaped from spiritual confinement — had snapped some bond that fettered his power of expression. In three successive years he made annual trips to the Continent (the first time in Emerson's company) and composed his principal poems, "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" (1848), "Amours de Voyage" (1849), with its hero of Hamlet-like character, and (most significant of all) the Faust-like "Dipsychus"— *i. e.*, the twy-souled,—begun at Venice in 1850; the motive of which, as explained in its prose epilogue, was to represent "the conflict between the tender conscience and the world." After that, the fountain of his highest inspiration fell; the inhibition of free poetical composition, for a brief space removed, seemed again to descend; and in London the shadows closed in upon him once more.

Clough was a modern Hamlet, his world, both outer and inner, out of joint, and he powerless to set it right. Its riddle was a knot that he was too weak to cleave. He stands, like patience on her monument, the witness and the martyr of morals divorced from religion. He is a type of conscience just coming short of Christian faith, or better, of conscience falling away from the faith of youth. He represents, that is, a stage through which almost every acutely conscientious temperament must pass in the process from the unreasoning faith of childhood to the reasoned faith of maturity. He is a relatively perfect type of the undogmatic poetic sceptic.

To understand his peculiar mood, it is necessary constantly to refer to his training at Rugby. It is needless,

it would be an impertinence, to extol Dr. Arnold and his educational reformation; one may question whether his moral standard, noble as it essentially was, was not too exacting, too Quixotically ideal, for ordinary boy-nature; whether it did not tend to induce, in the finer, more serious spirits, an excessive scrupulousness, a self-conscious virtue, a self-questioning, introspective habit, analysis of motives, and critical morality that hindered healthy, instinctive action. This moral frame is certainly mirrored to the life in Clough's verse. He left Rugby with a conscience morbidly tender, and the oppositions of opinion he encountered at Oxford deprived him of what his state of mind imperatively demanded—definite religious conviction. So he became, pre-eminently, the poet of Doubt.

> "One former frailty haunted him, a touch
> Of something introspective overmuch."

And again, in powerful words descriptive of one of his heroes:

> "he seemed to feel as in his veins
> The moral mischief circulating still,
> Racked with the torture of the double will."

His poems depict a soul posed by the great dilemma: "It may be, it may not be; it may be true, it may be false":

> "Beyond the clouds, beyond the waves that roar,
> There may indeed, or may not be, a shore,
> Where fields as green, and hands and hearts as true
> The old forgotten semblance may renew."

His was a perplexed spirit, even to paralysis, hesitating between motives, between various courses of action:

> "The doubting soul, from day to day,
> Uneasy, paralytic lay."

> "So plumb I the deeps of depression,
> Daily in deeper, and find no support, no will, no purpose.'

We are reminded, by the tone of these fragments, and forcibly by a highly significant piece, " The Questioning Spirit "—a spirit that passes to and fro,

> " Perplexing these that sleep, and in their folly
> Inbreeding doubt and sceptic melancholy,"—

that it was the very time when Tennyson produced his first important poem, " The Two Voices."

For years Clough was full of misgiving as to whether he was doing right in relaxing his hold on the Christian faith; he had the will to believe, but was daunted by the Biblical criticism of the hour; the evangelists seemed gone, and Christ a shade, " not risen."

> " Trembling thinkers on the brink
> Shiver, and know not how to think. . . .
> A thousand dupes point here and there,
> Bewildered by the show and glare."

A term in the last couplet contains the secret of his mood: he was over-fearful of being found a dupe—so afraid of believing anything false that he would rather believe nothing. A more robust character would rather believe something even though in that something there might be a strain of error. His intellectual career proves that for healthy activity of soul one must take something for granted; that it is wiser to trust one's intuitions, as proceeding from a faithful Creator, a God of truth; better to believe that the world is good and that men mean to do right, until the contrary is proved. It was the other way with Clough. His tendency was to suspect that he would be imposed upon in intellectual matters. He is a type of those who search for truth and never find it—never in this life; of those who dread any blind submission of reason or judgment. Herein is exemplified his intense conscientiousness; he did not think it right to say he believed until he was convinced. With him there

could be no feigning, no "arbitrary judgment." His favorite figure was that of a ship on a pathless sea.

> "Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
> Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
> And where the land she travels from? Away,
> Far, far behind, is all that they can say."

To complete his figure, he was "like a ship that passes in the night on the high seas" without the compass of faith; he was drifting with the waves.

In this predicament a common man would have accepted mere instinct as his guide, would have sought to satisfy his heart with this world. Clough proved that the world cannot satisfy the conscientious spirit. He expressed sovereign contempt for those who sought to nourish themselves upon the ashes of this life and of the senses; such seemed to him to be abandoned to the most deceptive dreams. He found society and traffic full of falsehood and dissimulation covering ruthless selfishness, and this discord between the real and ideal, between what things and relations are in social life and what they ought to be, falling upon his highly developed conscience and acute intellect, struck from them some of the most cutting satire of his day. An example in point, truly terrible in its irony, is "The Latest Decalogue":

> "Thou shalt have one God only; who
> Would be at the expense of two?
> No graven images may be
> Worshipped, except the currency:
> Swear not at all; for, for thy curse
> Thine enemy is none the worse:
> At church on Sunday to attend
> Will serve to keep the world thy friend:
> Honor thy parents; that is, all
> From whom advancement may befall:
> Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive
> Officiously to keep alive:
> Do not adultery commit;
> Advantage rarely comes of it:

Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
When it 's so lucrative to cheat:
Bear not false witness; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly:
Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
Approves all forms of competition."

It would be a mistake to regard Clough as solely an introspective poet, involved in his own mental difficulties. He had, in fact, a lively sympathy with the poor and an earnest desire to better their condition. Thus he represents the awakening of the modern sense of social compunction:

" How shall I laugh and sing and dance?
My very heart recoils,
While here to give my mirth a chance
A hungry brother toils."

His conscience, and heart as well, were almost too tender for the stir and strife of this world.

We should still have a one-sided view of his personality did we not record, making up by emphasis for necessary brevity of statement, his hearty enjoyment of physical life. Though there was in his physique, apparently, some lack of stamina, and though he died early, there was about him no aura of the invalid, but instead a deep undercurrent of thoroughly healthy feeling. At school he entered heartily into out-of-door sports, competing with the best in swimming and running. Of swimming he was particularly fond, and the zest of it is gaily registered in " The Bothie." In vacation time he refreshed himself with nature, living as much as possible in the open air. Sometimes in his poems we find truly Rabelaisian touches of delight in bodily life, in the elements of air, light, and water, in wholesome satisfaction of the senses; his first long poem fairly palpitates with this vital sentiment. Ideally too, as was also the case with his friend the younger Arnold, his highest satisfaction was

found in external nature: in the beauty, variety, and repose of nature, in sea or landscape, and in the not unlike repose and harmony of classic literature, his spirit found its chief resource and stay. His work is exceedingly interesting to the student, for it is full of classic reminiscences, and much of it runs in classic rhythms. A few lines from the end of the first and beginning of the second canto of "Amours de Voyage" will illustrate at once his response to the spell of antiquity, his questioning habit, and the charm of the elegiac measure. "The city" was Rome, and even among its ruins he could not yield himself utterly to the spirit of the scene and of the past,—could not forego a restless analysis of sentiment.

"Is it an idol I bow to, or is it a god that I worship?
Do I sink back on the old, or do I soar from the mean?
So through the city I wander and question, unsatisfied ever,
Reverent so I accept, doubtful because I revere.

"Is it illusion? or does there a spirit from perfecter ages,
Here, even yet, amid loss, change, and corruption abide?
Does there a spirit we know not, though seek, though we find, comprehend not,
Here to entice and confuse, tempt and evade us, abide?
Lives in the exquisite grace of the column disjointed and single,
Haunts the rude masses of brick garlanded gaily with vine,
E'en in the turret fantastic surviving that springs from the ruin,
E'en in the people itself? is it illusion or not?"

Finally, he was the poet of struggling faith and hope. He verified in his experience the profound and subtle analysis of Browning, simply exchanging a life of faith diversified by doubt for one of doubt diversified by faith. Seeming loss and waste, he thought, may have fruitful ends; it took ages of dusk to produce Homer. This discord will at last be resolved into harmony, this dualism into unity. The end of social life is to ensure love. He reminds us, by his insistence upon the value and necessity of labor, that Carlyle (whom he knew personally) was

the prophet of that generation; work we must, he echoed—and in hard and steady work he himself found comfort. Heroism of soul is expressed in his lines entitled "Peschiera," among which appears a paraphrase of Tennyson's most familiar saying:

"'T is better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all."

"Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field."

His deepest message is that, in the struggle of the soul, in solitude and silence, God is revealed as Will:

"O only Source of all our light and life,
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
Alone aright reveal!

"Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;
Chastised each rebel self-encentred thought,
My will adoreth Thine."

Duty is the ultimate reality, resisting all analysis:

"Thought may well be ever ranging,
And opinion ever changing,
Task-work be, though ill-begun,
Dealt with by experience better;
By the law and by the letter
Duty done is duty done:
Do it, Time is on the wing!

"Go from the east to the west, as the sun and the stars direct thee,
Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth,
Not for the gain of the gold; for the getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the deed, but for the Duty to do."

Yet that austere guide can never satisfy the heart—it never satisfied his. He put expression of his own experience into the mouth of Jacob:

> "I have striven all my days
> To do my duty to my house and hearth,
> And to the purpose of my father's race,
> Yet is my heart therewith not satisfied."

Nothing can exceed the pathos of that attitude. Certainly, Clough makes an appeal that cannot be resisted to our sympathies and affection. Doing his duty in the spirit of a martyr, the hunger of his soul never appeased, his emotions never at rest, he had the will to believe, to trust the "ampler voice,"—but could not. At one point he seemed to rise to a conviction of the presence of invisible beings, of personal spirits about and above us; do they aid us? Do they truly touch and aid us? He cried out for a prophet to dissolve the mystery. His whole work ends in a great interrogation.

GREENOUGH WHITE.

II.

ARNOLD'S CHARACTER AS REVEALED IN HIS POEMS.

IF Clough represents undogmatic scepticism, thoroughgoing agnosticism, doubt of sceptical and critical negations just as much as of theological affirmations, his friend Matthew Arnold stands for dogmatic poetic scepticism or agnosticism, for positive denial, and so represents a second stage in the history of doubt in our century. Though he was only four years younger than Clough, he seems to belong to a later decade or generation; and in fact he did outlive him for nearly a generation. There subsisted an extraordinary affinity between their spirits; the environment of their youth was the same; and Arnold's first poetic mood was practically identical with his friend's. The ecclesiastical and political ferment in which he found himself produced in him a sense of painful confusion; the ideals of former days were dissolving away and those of the new era were not yet clearly defined; in the interim he felt like an alien, like one

> "Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born.
>
> Now the old is out of date,
> The new is not yet born,"

he repeated, plaintively. It has been born since, this new world with its insistence upon popular and natural elements everywhere, this new democratic and industrial,

scientific and critical world,—and he did much to assist its bringing forth; but in the era of transition he was thoroughly discontented with contemporary conditions; his poems reveal no sympathy with the democratic tendencies and social movements of his time. Now without sympathy there can be no comprehension; hence his perplexity of mind, amounting at times to actual distress, to a feeling akin to suffocation. Modern life was a labyrinth to which he possessed no clue; its tumult made his head swim; from its complexities, in which he could discover no order, no design, he longed to escape but could not; the consequence was a nightmare sense of oppression.

He felt keenly, because of his own need of it, the lack of human kindness in the world. He was naturally sensitive; his vein of sentiment was so deep and strong that he realized instinctively the need of restraint; hence his air of Stoic self-control, masking an emotion that was all the deeper for such restraint. He lamented the general want of common sympathy, humanity, gentleness, goodness, in society; and between individuals he saw love fail: even upon love there was no dependence to be placed. One is conscious, all through his verse, of a sense of loneliness and loss, which after the death of Clough it is easy to interpret.

As an example of his cheerless creed, let us take his reflections as he stood upon "Dover Beach," watching the lights on the French coast opposite. The tide, which had been at flood, began to turn, and he noted the changing cadence of the waves upon the beach.

> "The sea of faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating, to the breath
> Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world."

Few lines more disconsolate than these were ever penned. What is to be done in this age of ebbing faith? Shall one go to the Grande Chartreuse and take up with the "last of the people who believe"? Arnold's stanzas descriptive of a visit to the famous monastery are among the most beautiful that he ever wrote, and are interesting as a criticism of the Middle Ages by a poet of our own time; they preclude any such resort for a modern man. In his intellectual and emotional difficulties, amid the fever of modern life, infecting his own spirit, Arnold reacted against the intolerable strain, that threatened to sap the springs of his being as it was sapping Clough's, and crystallized into a poet of negation. In the melodious and melancholy lines entitled "Obermann Once More," he dwelt upon the beauty of Christ's character, admitting, with tender pathos, all that it had been to men—but alas!

> "Now he is dead; far hence he lies
> In the lorn Syrian town,
> And on his grave, with shining eyes,
> The Syrian stars look down.
>
> "Leave then the cross as ye have left carved gods.
>
> "Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole."

These quotations serve to bring out one of the two deepest points in his character; of his positive principle we will speak later; here is his negative side. He reacted vehemently against the dogmatic, sacramentarian, and ritual, sacerdotal and ascetic tendencies of the Oxford Movement; the idea of supernatural revelation, the whole system of church authority, clerical influence—these were incredible or obnoxious to him. Of the æsthetic and symbolic revival in public worship he wrote with utmost contempt, as "pullulating rites extern and vain." He had a work to do in the world, and that critical work; in

order to accomplish it his nature demanded, apparently, something to antagonize, something, whether in the foreground or background of consciousness, against which perpetually to react; and he found it in ecclesiasticism. Here, accordingly, was his limitation. For the Established Church of England he retained, as a venerable, national institution, a lingering hereditary partiality, but in the matter of the popular religion and dogmatic theology his antipathies were so strong that his nature was warped and rendered imperfect by them.

He did not stop here in his critical course. Not content with rejecting creeds and institutions, his scepticism assailed even the few simple postulates of natural religion. When the body reverts to its elements, what becomes of the mind? His answer was that of the scientific agnostics, his contemporaries: we cannot say; it is all a mystery; we are a single mood of the life of the spirit in which we exist. We must "nurse no extravagant hope" of future blessedness. The soul wins here a thousand glimpses, but never sees a whole; there is nothing clear, nothing sure; men are like spars of a wreck drifting over the surface of an illimitable ocean of unfathomable depth.

> "Like children bathing on the shore,
> Buried a wave beneath,
> The second wave succeeds before
> We have had time to breathe."

How forcibly that figure expresses the suffocation of the soul! In a fine sonnet on "Rachel," he conceived of the great actress as an impressive type of the contending forces, Jewish, Greek, and Christian—of the *clash* of our time. "Empedocles," the hero of one of his longer efforts, is conceived as a spirit out of its element, out of harmony with the times.

The figures in this last-mentioned work are types, one might almost say, of the different tenses: Pausanias, the

physician, is a sensible, kindly man of the old order, with a characteristic touch of superstition and inability to understand the unprecedented mood of Empedocles; Callicles, the fair young harp-player, is of renascent, humanistic type, in happy accord with his surroundings, filled with the new wine of life, running over with fresh enjoyment of the present world; the sage and hero is an idealist, embittered by experience of that world and utterly dissatisfied with it: he has the temper of a moralist and reformer, but the age is obdurate; his is an indignant, prophetic soul—he is almost a heathen Elijah (the conception scarcely justifies the parallel),—he is a rebellious Titan, a Saul whose distempered mood is soothed by the music made by the young harp-player. Callicles admires and reveres him, but steadily defends the age: it is not that it has degenerated; it is Empedocles himself that has changed. The piece is a lyrical drama, not well sustained. A longer and more ambitious dramatic essay, in imitation of the antique, upon the theme of "Merope," while marked by dignity of subject, nobility of sentiment, and classical brevity of style, and while interesting to the student and successful as an imitation, leaves in the memory an indelible impression of frigidity and artificiality, and, taken in connection with the effort before mentioned, proves that Arnold's gift was not dramatic. Narrative art may undoubtedly be claimed for him, but his inspiration was essentially elegiac. He composed best in a minor key.

An inevitable result of such melancholy, discordant, disputatious moods as have just been described is to exhaust the flow of inspiration. Arnold's period of poetic production was practically over by the year 1867. For some time before that he had been steadily gravitating into prose, and the few poems he composed later betray exhaustion of poetic power, by repetition of familiar sentiments and an increasingly polemical tone. Depart-

ing from consistent scepticism, unprejudiced, non-partisan, he dogmatically denied; dissatisfied with Clough's dilemma, "It may be—may n't be," he seized its left horn, declaring, "It is not." With failure of the ideal, and encroachment of a critical, controversial temper, the full power of poetic production goes; nothing great can be accomplished in that line without faith, without a secret, inward sense of harmony with the great forces that buoy up the world.

The repetition of the word "tired" in his verse becomes noticeable by its frequency. He wrote of the "jaded English," and complained of the unthinking restlessness of his fellow-countrymen: "We English

> See all sights from pole to pole,
> And glance and nod and bustle by;
> And never once possess our soul
> Before we die."

Such complaints as this are cause for wonder that his definition of poetry as "criticism of life" bewildered his readers as it did; the term exactly describes his own work, which is a long-drawn criticism of human life from the cradle to the grave. He dilated upon the disadvantages of "Growing Old," one of the chief of them being that approval of one's work comes when it is too late to enjoy it; it affords no pleasure, after a lifetime of criticism and neglect,

> "To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
> Which blamed the living man."

In the thought of death all his reflection terminated; the conclusion of his thought about life was that it is a funeral. Naturally, his finest, most characteristic verses were elegiac; among these we may mention the lines headed "Rugby Chapel," composed fifteen years after his father's death, in which he compared his father to a

sturdy, spreading oak-tree under which a host of lesser men might take shelter,—the " Stanzas from Carnac," and " A Southern Night," both in memory of his brother, William Delafield Arnold,—other " Stanzas in Memory of the Author of *Obermann*,"—" Thyrsis," a monody to commemorate his friend, Arthur Hugh Clough,—and " Memorial Verses " on Byron, Goethe, and Wordsworth.

Mention of Wordsworth conducts us straight to nature. Arnold derived from nature simply the satisfaction that Goethe found in nature and art combined. In her beauty his troubled spirit found its highest consolation; and it is evident that it required some such resource—for without any the mental frame thus far depicted would speedily have worn out its mortal envelope. It is noteworthy that the ancients did not betake themselves to fields and woods, ramble beside streams or along the seashore, or climb mountains for the sake of emotional, imaginative, or spiritual consolation or gratification; and the natural allusions in classic literature seem to us incidental and superficial. It was left for Wordsworth to proclaim the truth toward which previous generations had been slowly laboring,—to reveal in nature the indwelling God of the Christians. In spite of his admiration of that great seer, Arnold never attained, on the one hand, that height or depth of vision, and on the other hand, although his agnosticism associated him, after a fashion, with many men of science, his cast of mind and mode of thought about nature were essentially unscientific. In fact—and the fact is interesting and significant,—it was in what one might call her ethical aspect that nature appealed to him. The thought of her permanency gave his spirit rest; he escaped from the heart-breaking roar of cities to find in her calm an antidote to the fret and fever of the age. The sum of her teaching was to him labor in repose; her forces go on without haste and

without rest; and his ideal of human effort,—his own personal aspiration,—was similar: steady work, silent and restful. Along this line is effected, positively, the transition to his ethics. But nature does not point beyond the grave; so this strain of thought, too, culminates in death. Both strains are interwoven with remarkable beauty in his last "Wish":

"—let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more before my dying eyes,

"Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aërial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead."

There is another sense of the term "nature," according to which we speak of the merely natural life of man. The sensual life and all its goods were to Arnold beneath contempt. There is a magnificent passage in his stanzas on *Obermann* in which he pictures the decay and misery of pagan life at the time of the advent of Christianity:

"On that hard Pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell.
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.

"In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad, in furious guise,
Along the Appian Way.

"He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crown'd his hair with flowers—
No easier nor no quicker pass'd
The impracticable hours.

"The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world.

The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd,
And on her head was hurl'd.

" The East bow'd low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain ;
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again. . . .

" ' Poor world,' she cried, ' so deep accurst,
That runn'st from pole to pole
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst—
Go, seek it in thy soul ! ' "

So it is in the soul that one is to find his ultimate resort amid the questions that perplex and harass. Something beside nature is needed, for nature is not a sufficient or competent guide,—in fact, she often if not generally leads astray, and has to be opposed. Thus again the transition is effected, but this time negatively, to our poet's ethics; and his deepest message, to his own and to after time, was ethical. This was his positive principle before alluded to. Where nature ends man begins. Conscience—and with Arnold conscience is the spirit of man—is beyond nature and often opposed to her. He was acutely conscious of the conflict between the spirit and the flesh, and his aim, like that of all ancient moralists, was tranquillity, to be attained by the undisputed sovereignty of the superior principle. To him the soul, conscience, the moral, was the highest revelation, and, in truth, all that we actually know. Whatever God is, he is so different from man that we cannot know his nature. Arnold cautioned his hearers not to " make man too much a God, or God too much a man." He opposed ethics to religion, or better, to theology; he would make ethics stand for all that is best and lasting in religion. What if old faiths, the cross among them, have to be abandoned ?—still, " guard the fire within ! " Conscience resists all analysis; it remains, and also the human example of Christ. If there be no divine judge, obey

the inward judge more strictly; if there is no second life, "pitch this one high." Though one is to nurse no extravagant hope he need not therefore despair. That he sees without nothing whole or clear should teach him to look within, to curb desire and so cut off consequent vexation. "The better part" is to master one's own soul, to cultivate that inner field, for that, and that only, is within one's power. Externally, our freedom of action is confined on every side; the sphere of the moral is limited by necessity; it is then essential to our peace that we should recognize our limitations and cultivate moderation in all things. "What I would I cannot do," cried the "Sick King in Bokhara." In such inevitable moments of moral strangulation, Arnold had recourse again to objective nature; it was a relief then to contemplate the stars, with their perpetual, even motion.

"Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

"The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more, nor let me die
Before I have begun to live!"

The power to feel with others,—want of which causes most of the wretchedness of the world. It is true; lack of sympathetic insight into others' conditions, inability to see things as they see them, to apprehend what is going on in their minds,—this lack, this inability, the consequence of selfishness, is accountable for the keenest suffering. Here we are brought back again to our poet's tenderness of heart; a quality which we must never allow ourselves to forget, deceived by his apparent coldness. He found a source of "Consolation" in the consideration that many were happy while he was sad, and recom-

mended it to all: Do not, accordingly, wish your sad hour shortened, for that would be to shorten others' joy, and, *vice versa*, do not wish your hour of gladness lengthened, for myriad sufferers watch it pass with relief.

On the whole, patience rather than hope or action was Arnold's attitude; the tendency of his verse is certainly to depress, to banish hope, to benumb action. On the critical side he was great; in criticism was his strength; all his life long—herein recalling Shelley's long contention—he was resolutely opposed to the comfortable, Philistine, "optimistic sophistries," the conventional notions of the unthinking multitude. He was a keen critic of democracy (and democracy would do well to heed his strictures); hence he appeared to many to be merely an intellectual aristocrat. His function was to stir people up, to force them to think, to become individual,—to shake them out of the easy contentment with themselves, their traditions, their surroundings, in which the well-to-do commonly wrap their souls and lay them to sleep. Such is the inertia, the elastic power of resistance of that class, that prosperous middle class to which Arnold himself belonged, whose faults he clearly saw and set himself to correct, that its reaction upon his spirit must have been an important factor in inducing that attitude of waiting, of resignation, that one associates with his figure. His frame of mind became essentially Stoical.

His deepest ethical deliverance is to be found in the lines entitled "Morality":

> "We cannot kindle when we will
> The fire which in the heart resides;
> The spirit bloweth and is still,
> In mystery our soul abides;
> But tasks in hours of insight will'd
> Can be in hours of gloom fulfil'd."

The experience of a lifetime is compressed into that couplet, and it contains his most precious message to his

age. We remark its modernness of tone: it could not have been written a century before. Who does not know those moments of insight and spiritual exaltation and high resolve when nothing seems impossible and the whole world is plastic in one's hands,—and who, then, has not experienced those moments of obstruction that inevitably supervene,—of depression all the more poignant because of that elation? Then our poet's teaching is opportune, that after the glow has faded away one can carry out by sheer effort of will, in darkness and discouragement, the resolution born of the ideal flashed upon one in the moment of revelation.

> "Tasks in hours of insight will'd
> Can be in hours of gloom fulfil'd."

That couplet is immortal.

Apart from the natural universe, the chief support and stay of this austere exercise of will was found in classic literature. Arnold's nature was not æsthetic; on the whole, his tendency was to react against the contemporary æsthetic development, or certainly the romantic mood characteristic of that development. Romantic vagueness and excess were exceedingly distasteful to him; his theory of literary art was classical; measure, proportion, restraint were the qualities he prized. In a fine sonnet ("That son of Italy") he spoke of "austerity" as the substance of great poetry.

His literary affinities, as divulged in his poetry, yield us reflections—or it may be the sources—of his teaching. Among ancient classics, Greek poetry, epic and dramatic, and practical philosophy seem chiefly to have appealed to him. Homer (he replied to an inquirer) and Epictetus (of mood congenial with his own) were props of his mind, but especially Sophocles, "who saw life steadily and saw it whole." Marcus Aurelius he characterized as the "purest of men." These, like nature, afforded him

repose and consolation. Among modern classics, Byron, Goethe, Heine, and Wordsworth were his favorites. Of three of these he discoursed, in a strain of wonderfully sound poetic criticism, in the " Memorial Verses " above mentioned. He declared that Goethe was

> " Europe's sagest head,
> Physician of the iron age. . . .
>
> " He took the suffering human race,
> He read each wound, each weakness clear;
> And struck his finger on the place
> And said: *Thou ailest here, and here!*"

He ignored, however, Goethe's recommendation of art as a refuge from the ills of the present. He took some comfort in music, mentioning with gratitude, though cursorily, the names of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn—but poetry he judged to be equal to painting and music combined, for like these, respectively, it must

> " The aspect of the moment show,
> The feeling of the moment know. . . .
>
> " Beethoven, Raphael, cannot reach
> The charm which Homer, Shakespeare, teach."

The tribute of his tenderest feeling was reserved for Wordsworth, who

> " spoke and loosed our heart in tears.
> He laid us as we lay at birth
> On the cool flowery lap of earth. . . .
> Our youth returned, for there was shed
> On spirits that had long been dead,
> Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
> The freshness of the early world."

He testified, gratefully, to the great poet's " healing power " (and much of Wordsworth's fame to-day is due undoubtedly to Arnold's agency) and concluded,

" The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by?"

Finally, of course, Étienne de Sénancour, the author of *Obermann*, and Emerson (" a voice oracular ") were also literary idols of his.

Among his poems, strangely enough, and in marked contrast with Clough and the Brownings, there is none inspired by the classic land of Italy. Out of his native England, he was most inspired by France; seven at least of his poems are owing to that influence. Yet he was no blind worshipper,—he never could be such,—and in a single line he has packed a penetrating criticism of French genius:

" France, famed in all great arts, in none supreme."

The colossal calm of the Alps refreshed his spirit, and we have a cycle of poems connected with Switzerland, beside, of course, the two on *Obermann.*

With a few of the loveliest of his lines, peaceful lines, unfolding an ideal prospect, we will close. The young Callicles sings—and a ray of the golden age lights the song:

" Far, far from here,
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
Among the green Illyrian hills; and there
The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,
And by the sea, and in the brakes,
The grass is cool, the seaside air
Buoyant and fresh, the mountain-flowers
More virginal and sweet than ours."

GREENOUGH WHITE.

III.

ARNOLD'S LIFE AND CHARACTER AS SHOWN IN HIS LETTERS.

IN studying the character of any man, Dr. Holmes tells us to begin with his grandparents. Arnold's ancestors were not remarkable people, his grandfather, William Arnold, being a collector of customs, and his maternal grandfather being the Rev. John Penrose, of no particular note. His greatest ancestor was his own father, the great Arnold of Rugby; "in whom," as some writer has said, "there was such a union of qualities, and from whom there radiated in so many different directions such potent influences, that he may well be regarded as one of the most forceful and impelling men of his times. Other mountains may rise higher, but no *one* has at its foot more springs from which mighty rivers have taken their rise." According to Dean Burgon, had not the High Churchmen in power fought most vigorously against it, Dr. Arnold would have worn the mitre. He was pre-eminent, of course, in the great reform of public schools from reformatories for bad boys into training places for pure and right-minded ones. As an historian he was, at that time, in England, unique; a follower of Niebuhr, with a hunger for facts, which he spared no labor to discover, a grasp of institutions, which were to him living realities,—he is ranked by some with Gibbon and Macaulay, as one of the three great historical writers of England. He was, finally, a veritable incarnation of ethics.

High Churchmen say, " Behold an illustration of the law of evolution! The elder Arnold, cutting loose from precedent and authority, doubting the divine authority of Holy Orders, the canonicity of Hebrews, the received methods of exegesis,—warring against the Oxford Movement on the one hand, and Evangelicalism on the other,—what more natural than that the outcome in the next generation should be the agnosticism of Matthew Arnold, and in the third, the bald theism of Mrs. Humphry Ward ? "

Can we ourselves detect his heredity in Matthew Arnold ? His father had little poetical talent, though as a boy he wrote heroics in blank verse. He had no missionary zeal. He lived more or less in an atmosphere of conflict. And here the side question occurs, whether the dust of the arena is a suitable pabulum for children, —their impressionable natures at the formative period of their lives receiving and assimilating surrounding influences, and producing undreamed-of results in ineffaceable characteristics. " The doctrines of grace," as they were called, had little hold on Dr. Arnold until late in life, and as he could never speak of religion to his poor neighbors in his visits, so possibly he may have been equally reticent with his children on that subject.

These Letters of Matthew Arnold are edited by George W. E. Russell, of whom all that we know is, that he is a son of a Lady Charles Russell—that he was an invalid boy at Harrow at the time when Arnold wished to enter his eldest son there, and was at the school from 1867 to 1872. He seems to have been an adoring friend of Arnold, though not thoroughly a convert to his religious views. His preface is calculated to induce us to put on our rosiest eye-glasses and see his hero as Mr. Russell saw him, and we do not lay them aside and use our natural eyes for several pages after. Matthew Arnold did not wish his life written, but no biography could have

unveiled his heart, penetrating into the innermost recesses of his life, as these letters do. Mr. Russell says, they are "*himself.*" At least they are one side of him, and an entirely different side from that shown in his poems. They were published in obedience to the wish of his widow and two of his sisters, and consist mainly of letters to his family, with some to his friends,—a few being in French,—very easy French,—to a M. Fontanès, a French Protestant, who was a *protégé* of his, and who seems to have been devoted to him.

The incidents of his life to be found in or deduced from these letters are meagre. He was born on Christmas Eve, 1822, at Laleham, in the valley of the Thames, where his father took pupils until his election to the head-mastership of Rugby, when Matthew was six years old. At the age of eight, he was sent back to Laleham as a pupil of his uncle, the Rev. John Buckland. At fourteen years (1836) he was sent to Winchester. Thomas Arnold had been, as a boy, a pupil under the severe discipline of the school of William de Wykeham, and he seemed to think the fagging and hardships of that rigorous time were necessary for his son. (He may have been pert and priggish, as a head-master's son *might* be.) But he had not to endure the severity his father expected, as he rose so rapidly in the school that he was soon beyond the position of fagging. He was removed in a year, and entered Rugby under his father's roof. At eighteen years he won a school prize with his first published poem, "Alaric at Rome," and was elected to an open Classical Scholarship at Balliol. At the age of nineteen (1841) he entered Oxford. A year later he won the Hertford Scholarship, and in 1843, the Newdigate Prize with his poem on Cromwell. When he was twenty-two he obtained a second-class in the Final Classical School, and in 1845 was elected a Fellow of Oriel. For a short time he took classical work in the Fifth Form at Rugby, and

in 1847 was appointed private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, then Lord President of the Council. Four years later, Lord Lansdowne appointed him Inspector of Schools, and in the summer of his twenty-ninth year he married Frances Lucy, daughter of Sir William Wightman, one of the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench. From that time until 1885, three years before his death, he held the Inspectorship. It entailed a great deal of work and much travelling, not only in England, but on the Continent, in order to gain ideas from foreign schools. His homes during this period were at Dover, in London, and at Harrow (in order to have his sons at school there), and after the death of his second son (1873) he removed to Cobham, Surrey, to a place called Pains Hill Cottage, which was his home during the rest of his life. He became Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1857—a chair which he also held from 1862–67. His two visits to America were in 1883 and 1886.

Of his writings, *The Strayed Reveler, and Other Poems, by A.* was published in 1849. *Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems* appeared in 1852; his first series of *Poems* in 1853 and the second series in 1855. *Merope, a Tragedy,* was published in 1858; *New Poems* in 1867; and his *Collected Poems* came out in 1877–81 and 1885. His prose writings were published between 1853 and 1888. Death came suddenly to him at Liverpool, April 15, 1888. Of his six children, four boys and two girls, the daughters and only one son survived him.

These letters reveal him decidedly in undress—dressing-gown and slippers as it were,—and no man can be a hero to his valet (though that depends on the valet). We cannot judge very critically the form of this unstudied correspondence. It may be an English fashion to paragraph one's letters only accidentally, and to forget punctuation frequently; but the many sentences of such defective construction as to need two readings to adjust

them, give one a distinct sense of discomfort. The neglect of the editor to number the letters, or to give us any form of index or table of contents, we hope may be remedied in a future edition, as it entails a great deal of labor upon any one who reviews them.

The first and most striking characteristic of Arnold's family correspondence is its exceedingly affectionate tone. There is an effusive tenderness of expression which is quite admirable and attractive. But it might be thought un-English and effeminate when used in speaking of strangers, as—" The old Baron Cason is a dear, and so also is his dog Paton; the sweet creature is," etc. " Edward " (his married brother) " is a duck, and I will keep his letter as a memorial of his duckishness." And there is a great deal more of this maidenly effusiveness. The regularity, in the midst of work and travel, of his weekly letter to his mother, and his obvious devotion to her; the kind thoughtfulness shown his sisters, in sending pressed flowers to the botanical sister and autographs of celebrities to the autograph collector; the general benevolence of remembering to send them to his daughter in New York, for friends of hers who might possibly be collectors; his regular messages of loving remembrance to his old nurse Rowland, and the record of his gifts to her on anniversaries, are all exceedingly beautiful traits. His letters upon the death of his sons are touching beyond expression. But the editor has, unfortunately, given us a letter to his grown son, on the death of his hound, which is equally emotional, beautiful, and hopeless, and we exclaim involuntarily, " Certainly this man was not an Englishman! " And he was not,—so far as the nationality of the soul is concerned, he was a pure Greek, with a Hebrew training, against which he always revolted. The thought of his heart seems always to have been, " Are not Parnassus and Helicon better than all the mountains and waters of Israel ? " (*cf.* pp. 434, 455).

As we read these family letters we recall his quoting Darwin to the effect that men do not need religion, the domestic affections and natural sciences taking its place. On domestic affection and literature Arnold sought to rest and wrap himself from the cold and loneliness of a soul without a Christ. But as Isaiah says, " The bed is shorter than a man can stretch himself on it and the covering narrower than he can wrap himself in it," and the cry of his soul in his poems was sadder than death. Even in these letters he quotes as his own experience Goethe's words, " Homer and Polygnotus daily teach me more and more that life is a Hell, through which we must struggle as one best may." He who could write for the instruction of youth such words as these: " There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact, it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now—the fact is failing it!"; and again: " The strongest part of our religion is its unconscious poetry. . . . The Bible is only Hebrew poetry plainly translated into harmonious prose —at least the great part is only this,"—could he be happy ?

We are thankful that his views were so negative as not to be generally popular. His religion was so " chaotic, vast, and vague " as not readily to impress the masses, who cry out for *positive* teaching, and he himself says, " I am not a popular writer." In a letter to one of his perverts, who had appealed to him for advice on the subject of teaching his ideas to the Sunday-school of which he was superintendent, Arnold answered, in substance, that it would be better to follow the old methods. This shows that he was not a Herod to murder the faith of the Innocents, and he so far commends himself to our respect. But what of the young men and women of his

generation? The Princess Alice of Hesse, who told him that she read everything he wrote, strayed for a time on the dark and desolate mountains of unbelief,—but, thank Heaven and a mother's prayers, came back into the brightness of the Light of the World. With all his brilliant subtlety of criticism, Arnold was not a man of force; for as in countries whose sterner virtues are displaced by the ornamental fringes of poetry or art the national life becomes sleazy and worthless, so to the character of a man who would substitute poetry for religion there comes the same flimsiness and slightness of texture, and we plainly perceive the lack of solidity of mind and judgment. We see many instances of this in these letters—the hasty pronunciamentos upon subjects of which he, at the time, knew little, his phenomenal self-conceit,* his shallow habit of sneering. The public must have thought his conceit monumental as he writes, "that it was placarded all over London that he had written an article on Marcus Aurelius and had walked up Regent Street behind a man with a board on his back announcing it." He writes: "My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day, as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is." And again: "The Princess is quite fascinated with my *Culture and Anarchy*, uses all its phrases, and knows long bits by heart. You will see that it will have a considerable effect in the end, and the chapters on Hellenism and Hebraism are in the main, I am convinced, so true that they will form a kind of centre for English thought and speculation on the matters treated in them!" And yet again: "I am equally sure that I am doing what will sap the House of Commons intellectually." Such sentiments are sprinkled

* The spiritual nemesis of agnosticism, which knows nothing in the universe superior to its lordly self, and so has nothing to revere. Such ignorance is always conceited.—ED.

plentifully throughout these volumes. With such an opinion of his own value, what does he think of his great contemporaries? His opinions of them are the more interesting as they do not appear elsewhere. Of Mrs. Browning (p. 70) he gives a brutal criticism: "I regard her as hopelessly confirmed in her aberration from health, nature, beauty, and truth." Of Tennyson he writes: "Tennyson is deficient in intellectual power. In his *Idylls of the King* he does not give the peculiar charm and aroma of the Middle Age. His lines on the Prince Consort have no value." Of Ruskin he says: "The man and the character are too febrile, irritable, and weak to allow him to possess," etc. Of Charlotte Brontë: "Her mind contains nothing but hunger, rebellion, and rage, and therefore that is all she can in fact put into her book." Of Lord Palmerston he writes: "He found England the first power in the world's estimation and leaves it the third. The mass of the English public, with the want of ideas of its aristocratic class, the provincial narrowness and vulgarity of its middle class, and the nonage of its lower, is exactly at Lord Palmerston's level and not a bit beyond it." Of Macaulay: "Macaulay is to me uninteresting, mainly, I think, from a dash of intellectual vulgarity which I find in all his performance." He calls Mr. Swinburne, who greatly admired him, a "Pseudo Shelley," and says, "Swinburne's fatal habit of using a hundred words where one would suffice always offends me." So much for individuals. "Man delights him not nor woman either." How about nations? "The Germans are inconceivably and hideously ugly." "My opinion of the Italians is very unfavorable," he says. But his choicest bits of caustic writing are reserved for us Americans, and that too at a time when he knew very little about us or our country. For profound criticism how is this?: "I fancy that the landscape of America is *monotonous*." "Both French and Italians dislike the Americans

and call them a nation *mal élevée*, and so they are. . . . The American *attaché* had the temper and moral tone and making of a gentleman in him, and that is what so few of his countrymen have. . . . When you find that *rara avis*, a really well-bred and trained American, you feel the bond of race. . . . The intolerable *laideur* of well-fed American masses so deeply antipathetic to continental Europe," etc. Again: "I see a wave of more than American vulgarity, moral, intellectual, and social, preparing to break over us." When we were in the great agony of our Civil War, this emotional, tenderest-hearted of men, who wrote a page of compassion over a cat that a train ran over, says: "Tell William I hope the Americans will not cease to be afflicted until they learn thoroughly, that man shall not live by Bunkum alone." And again: "I myself think that it has become indispensable to give the Americans a moral lesson, and fervently hope it will be given them. Their radicalness, dissentingness, and general mixture of self-assertion and narrowness," etc. And again: "After immediate blood relationship, the relationship of soul is the only important thing, and this one has far more with the French, Italians, and Germans than with the Americans." With all these antagonistic sentiments, however, no sooner does he receive a complimentary notice of his *Essays* in the *North American Review* than he veers round in this fashion: "There is an immense public there [in America], and this alone makes them of importance, but besides that I have been struck by what I saw of them on the Continent in the last few months, both with their intellectual liveliness and ardor, with which I had before been willing enough to credit them [though he never said so], as one of the good results of their democratic *régime's* emancipating them from the blinking and hushing-up system induced by our circumstances here, and also the good effect their wonderful success had produced on

them, giving them something really considerable to rest upon, and freeing them from the necessity of being always standing on their toes and crowing. I quite think we shall see the good result of this in their policy, as well as in the behavior of individuals. An English writer may produce plenty of effect there," etc.

In his two visits to America he found this country of the fancied " monotonous landscape " entirely too strong for him, too tonic, too new, too bright, too clear, too cold, too hot, too much of everything. He seemed to be blinking in the sunshine and looking for some old, shaded, interesting place — which he found only in Quebec. He was ill at ease until he turned his face homeward to the fogs of England. To suit him, the wooded hills and mountains should have been, he writes, scraggy and bare. They had no majesty, no interest. He seemed the guest of the nation in its spontaneous hospitality, and yet all his response was stinted praise and unfavorable contrasts with things English. In the midst of these remarks it is amusing to hear him say, " Burroughs has the American disease of always contrasting other countries with his own."

It may have been that this habit of mind came to him from the time of " storm and stress " of his earlier manhood, which for troubled currents of opposing arms and thoughts has rarely been equalled in modern history— the Oxford Movement, the French Revolution, Chartism, Carlyle, George Sand, and the general upheaval of all things. The condition of affairs that he describes in England in 1848 sounds strangely to us now. Writing of the Chartist riots in London he says: " Tell Miss Martineau, it is said here, that Monckton Milnes [afterwards Lord Houghton] refused to be sworn in a special constable, that he might be free to assume the post of President of the Republic at a moment's notice." And again: " I believe that the English aristocratic system,

splendid fruits as it has undoubtedly borne, must go, . . . its hour has struck." Yet he seems to have enjoyed it in a way, as he speaks with regret of his father's not having lived to see those changes, and winds up by giving the Magnum Bonum of life in these words: "The interest of the world and the spectacle of its events as they unroll themselves is the main part of what is valuable in life, for anybody." Poor pessimist!—but in the next breath the emotional man speaks: "Children, however, are a great pleasure; or, at least, I find *mine* so."

He wrote the beautiful elegiac ode, "Thyrsis," on the death of his friend Clough, and yet in a letter he could write, in a cool, regretful style, that "the impression Clough had made upon him would get more distinct and unique because the object no longer survived to wear himself out by becoming ordinary and different from what he had been. People were beginning to say about Clough, that he never would do anything now, and in short to pass him over," etc. What might he have been without Matthew Arnold's influence? His life was an illustration of the old proverb, "He that will not *believe* shall not be able to exalt himself." When Arnold received the news of the sudden death of Thackeray he wrote: "I cannot say I thoroughly liked him, though we were on friendly terms, and he is not to my thinking a great writer." What characteristics do these things show?

As "manners makyth man," we would like to know something of his. There seems to have been a wide diversity of opinion on that subject, Mr. Russell calling his manner "magnificent serenity," an American writer speaking of it as "the air supercilious," and others still as "an arrogant manner." He himself characterized it as one of "persuasion and charm," and thought he owed much of his success to it.

We wonder at the great admiration the English seem

to have felt for his "clever" expressions. Disraeli seems especially to have valued him for the successful hits he made in that line (possibly all else he wrote or said was moonshine to Disraeli). But newspaper men in America are so proficient in the art of apt epithets and fitting adjectives that, though we adopt Matthew Arnold's, we do not think them inimitable strokes of genius, and are tempted to believe what he says of the aristocratic class in England, that they suffer for a want of ideas, which makes them grateful to any one of nimble brain and tongue who can supply these ideas embodied in neat phrases: "Philistines," "barbarians," —meaning the aristocracy; "Sweetness and Light,"—meaning Matthew Arnold.

A few words in regard to his tastes and habits. He could not endure the smell of tobacco, but he drank wines and whiskey freely and gave his little children champagne on certain occasions. He writes of having won some money at cards twice, but speaks of such play in a way that seems to show that it was not habitual. He claimed morality as one of his strong points,—but did not seem to take into consideration in any way the morals of his two greatest of moderns, Goethe and George Sand. Homer was to him pre-eminently the greatest of all poets, Shakespeare being far inferior. Of modern English poets, Wordsworth, from his love of nature and its healing power, was his favorite. He liked Jean Ingelow and enjoyed Bulwer. He preferred sculpture to painting. Of painters, Andrea del Sarto and Fra Bartolommeo were his favorites. Music did not appeal to him, and even in Wagner's *Tannhäuser* he enjoyed the poetry of the libretto more than the music.

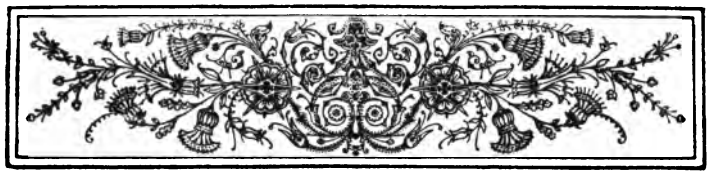
And now we turn with pleasure to all that shows his keen enjoyment of the beauty of this visible world—to the natural man, the Greek side of him. His love of clear, running streams, his delight in the every-day face

of nature, the common trees, the wild as well as the garden flowers, his interest in the ordinary aspects of weather,—all endear him to us. In Italy especially the lovely southern landscape opened his heart in a miraculous manner. From the time the balmy Italian air breathed upon him, his whole nature burst into bloom. He speaks of not being able to write a poem unless he go again to Italy. Florence was the home of his heart. He writes thence: "It is the look of the place, from every point in the environs, which so charms me, and for which I have such a thirst that it is difficult for me to attend to anything else. . . . I have a deep and growing sense of satisfaction, which was entirely wanting to me in Paris;—a sense that I am seeing what it does me good through my whole being to see, and for which I shall be the better all my life." Writing of his first sight of Vesuvius, he breaks out in the most impulsive, boyish fashion: "My dearest mother, that is the view of all the views of the world, that will stay longest with me. Capri in front, Sorrento peninsula girdling the bay, never can anything give one of itself, without any trouble on one's own part, such delectation as that. . . . How I feel Goethe's greatness in this place!"—that is, the Greek nature, the tie between them. "Here in Italy one feels that all time spent out of Italy by tourists elsewhere—human life being so short—is time misspent. Greece and parts of the East are the only places to go to."

With the pleasant memory of his great love for God's works and with the motto of the volume, his own words, we will close:

> "O world as God has made it! All is beauty,
> And knowing this is love, and love is duty."

MARY WICKLIFFE VAN NESS.



IV.

THE LATE COURSE OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

THE period of our Civil War in America, 1860 to 1865, was just that of the great *Essays and Reviews* excitement in England. When we of the South emerged from our four years' intellectual as well as material blockade, we found ourselves in the midst of one of the most important crises in English theological and religious thought.

The great Tractarian wave had only recently broken, and while leaving behind it a deposit of incalculable richness and fertility for the future life of the Church, had, owing to Newman's defection, spread immediate desolation, disaster, and dismay. Upon its ruin was rising a movement which, for the moment, seemed destined to work even greater destruction in an opposite direction. Every revolution in Church as in State has worked a present evil in preparing the way for future permanent good.

It is well known what a great work had been wrought in the eighteenth century by the Evangelical movement, in restoring to the world the principle of immediate individual or personal religion. It is equally well known how in the first half of the present century the Tractarian movement had followed and supplemented it, by bringing forward the neglected element of institutional or corporate Christianity, the principle of Catholic truth and order and of sacramental life. But these two move-

ments, necessary as they were and much as they had done, had not accomplished everything. There was still an element lacking to the full and free activity and work of the Church in the world, and this was to be added by a third great movement.

For a long time there had been going on all through the world a silent revolution which, even more radically than any previous movement, was destined to metamorphose the thought of men in every department of truth. The age of *Critical Knowledge* had come. And naturally, but unfortunately, both the previous great Oxford movements, instead of welcoming it as a friend, received it as an enemy. Standing, as they conceived, for God against a world lying outside of and against Him, for faith and the supernatural against reason and the natural, they could see nothing in the critical awakening but a general revolt against religion. As against this they both fell back into a reactionary attitude and erected in defence the principle of a divine infallible authority, in the Bible and in the Church.

But there is just as much a principle of truth, and therefore of divinity and of religion, in the proper use and application of criticism as there is in authority; and therefore it was destined to prevail not only in the world but in the Church, not only in science, art, literature, history, and philosophy, but in religion also and Christianity—in so far as these contained matter of natural knowledge, and were therefore subject to the only criterion of natural truth. The time has passed when it is possible to exempt any fact of nature or any event of history from the necessity of verifying itself by the methods of natural and critical investigation and knowledge. It was impossible but that the critical sense, trained and become expert in other fields, should sooner or later detect and expose the fact that religion too, through the ages of uncritical accretion and tradition, had incorporated into itself, or

incorporated itself into, a mass of unscientific facts and unhistorical events which, if they were of it, would invalidate it also; and, if they were not, served only to obscure and discredit it. Who does not know to what extent Christianity was for ages identified with false astronomy, false geology, a false theory of creation,—and why not with as much more that is false, on its natural side, that seems to belong to it but does not? That was not only not strange but was indeed inevitable. Only, if these entangling alliances with false natural fact and theory were entered into innocently because ignorantly, they cannot now, except falsely and criminally, be maintained in the face of critical investigation and exposure. We must recognize and accept natural science as the divine instrument for ridding spiritual truth of the very last admixture of natural falsehood. There was a service to be rendered to Christianity by even the scientific agnosticism of a Huxley or Spencer and the literary agnosticism of a Matthew Arnold.

Out of this critical movement there has arisen a third school whose true and therefore divine mission it is to add to the inestimable services of the others the no less necessary one, not merely of disentangling Christianity from all untrue associations on the natural side, but also of establishing for us the true relation between God and the world, the supernatural and the natural, faith and reason. The Christian mind has come to demand no longer the opposition but the reconciliation of truths which it more and more discovers to be not contradictory but complementary.

The new movement was not so much created as precipitated by the one-sided reaction against it of the older schools. It needed to be met and dealt with by a mind capable of comprehending and combining them all, which is, of course, asking for what was at the time an impossibility. No one intelligence could at the moment accept

all the necessary destruction and foresee all the possible reconstruction. A careful re-weighing after so long a time of the spirit and tendency of the *Essays and Reviews* does not to our mind relieve that work of the charge of an unnecessary one-sided destructiveness. There is too much not merely of the method but also of the temper of mere demolition. Coming from the heart of the Church itself, it seems, in its general drift, to portend only the overthrow of Christianity as it had been, without sufficient thought of its reconstruction as it ought to be. And the farther drift of that early movement, as manifested in Bishop Colenso, was not merely in the direction of the fearless and thorough-going application of criticism to its proper subject-matter in the Scriptures, but toward a weakened sense of the divine in the person of our Lord himself. Of course it may be said that the work of pulling down was as necessary as that of rebuilding, and that the same hands could not be expected to accomplish both. We leave it for a higher judgment to decide whether and how much the positive truth of Christianity was compromised or satisfied by the negative effort to divorce it from its unnatural alliance with false history and false science. That the effort had to be made, and had to run its risks, we do not for a moment question.

So the real work of criticism had to be done, and it has been done perhaps, and is doing, in the only way that we can expect of human nature and under human conditions, —with much that is wrong in the doing but all toward a divine result. We might define the true end and mission of criticism to be the slow and painful removal of the whitewash and plaster of a spurious and superficial conception and construction of divinity with which the so-called ages of faith had covered and concealed the true and essential divinity of the Bible and the whole outward institution of Christianity. The ultimate result of such a criticism will be simply to restore the Bible and Christian-

ity to what they are by divesting them of what an ignorant reverence has made them; very much as our Lord himself stripped from the true spirit and the divine form of the Old Testament the wraps and impediments of a false traditionalism.

So the critical spirit invaded and pervaded the Church, until we have come now to see it begin its conquest of the very Catholic party itself in the Church. The third great movement, as we have described it, originated, as the others had, in Oxford. In the decade following the publication of the *Essays and Reviews* it spread in a very modified form to Cambridge, in the learned, scholarly, and conservative school of Lightfoot and Westcott. In the same decade appeared the devout, accomplished, and moderate second generation of Tractarians, represented by Mozley, Liddon, Haddan, and Church. In vain did these, especially Liddon, strive by their learning, their holiness of life, their conciliatory spirit and sweet reasonableness to revive the old temper of humble and dutiful obedience to authority and to stem the rising tide of what seemed to them sceptical and faithless criticism. When Liddon's own disciples and successors in the faith in the third generation of Tractarians, as represented by *Lux Mundi,* seemed to him to be surrendering to the claims of the new thought, it is said to have broken his spirit and shortened his life.

The present tendency in England is toward a fusion of all the currents. The great parties are more or less running into one another. The personal religion of the Evangelicals, the catholicity of the Tractarians, the naturalism and rationalism of the Critical School, meet and blend in the veins of the *Lux Mundi* School.

In order to appreciate the position of this "high-broad" movement to which, some think, belongs the future of the Church, it is necessary to consider the relative claims of three rival attitudes of Christianity, which

might be characterized, respectively, as (1) the historical, (2) the ideological, and (3) the ideo-historical. All these profess the highest interest in the divine truth of Christianity, but they stand in different relations to it.

The historical point of view dwells upon Christianity as an objective fact which has come into the world and which rests for its truth upon external testimony—the evidence of a long prophetic preparation, a miraculous advent and abundant miraculous attestations, an immediately and infallibly inspired record which it is profane to regard or treat like any other record, an authoritative Church to which is committed the keeping and teaching of a given infallible truth. To this view it is treason and impiety to weaken by questioning these outward supports upon which the existence and preservation of Christianity depend.

The ideological view is that ultimate truth is always its own only proof and cannot ever rest upon mere external authority,—for the simple reason that authority itself is always open to question and is more difficult of proof than the truth which it seeks to establish. It is infinitely easier for us now, it is claimed, to believe in Christianity for what it is, than it would be, without that, to believe in the miracles, the literal Biblical inspiration, the supernatural ecclesiastical infallibility upon which it is sought to rest it. The ideological school might seem on the one hand to give a higher position to Christianity in itself than the historical. It sees in Christ the whole truth of God, of man, of history, of the meaning and destiny of the universe. And it requires all this inherent and essential truth in Christianity to render credible the claims of the so-called historical proofs. In other words, Christianity is much better able and much more needed to prove the proofs than they it. On the other hand, the inevitable tendency in this also one-sided view is to make Christianity true and divine only in its idea and

not in its temporal origin and course. Having, as it conceives, the ideal truth, it does not care for its historical or temporal setting. We see therefore in the school, as represented, for example, by Dr. Pfleiderer, a progressive surrender of the actual for the ideological truth of Christianity.

Now the so-called high-broad school of thought, as combining these opposite points of view, might, as has been said, be called historico-ideal, or ideo-historical. It believes in Christ in the flesh and Christ in the Church. It believes in historical proofs subjected to proper historical tests—not accepting as proper or valid such as are based upon an assumption of the impossibility of the supernatural in human history. But on the other hand it is quite ready to concede that *now*—and probably all along, from the first—Christianity has been, is, and will be believed not so much upon any external proof or authority as because it is in itself the truth of God, of ourselves, and of the world. Very many times more proof and more authority could not make anything else as true as Christianity is to our minds, our hearts, and all in us that is divine and immortal. God, Incarnation, Atonement, Eternal Life, once given to humanity, can never be taken away—because they are its nature and its destiny. Such a view makes us comparatively indifferent to questions of many external forms of authority upon which some think the existence of our religion depends. We would say, however, that, because Christianity is so true ideologically, or in itself, therefore the natural inference is not, as with some, that it *is not* so historically, but that it *is*. Indeed we should have had no idea of Christianity as it is but for the objective, historical fact of it in the world.

W. P. DuBose.

V.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THE BIBLE.

WHAT strikes us most in Matthew Arnold, critic, poet, and man of letters, is the extraordinary interest he took in religious questions. At times his whole thought seemed to revolve around the great central theme of God, and he would return to it as though it possessed a well-nigh irresistible fascination for him. With all his avowed agnosticism (he hesitated to the last to apply the term " person " to God) he wrote on the Bible with remarkable lucidity, depth, and earnestness, and has left us some most stimulating and suggestive criticism, particularly on the New Testament. His exposition of St. Paul's teaching, startling in its originality and departure from accepted standards, is nearer the truth than the view held by most Protestant theologians.

After a somewhat close and careful study of *St. Paul and Protestantism,* we cannot but feel that had our author risen to the full height of the Christian faith, his abilities as a critic and exegete would have placed him high in the ranks of Biblical scholars. He would never, in our opinion, have made a theologian, for he had not the necessary philosophical grasp and insight. He was never tired of ridiculing the subtleties of the metaphysicians and often declared, " with characteristic, mocking irony, that for philosophical thinking he had no faculty. In this," says Dr. Pfleiderer, " he was undoubtedly perfectly right." Had he applied himself seriously to think

out his ideas to their logical conclusion he must have arrived at a clearer and more satisfactory conception of God, in substantial accord with that generally held. As it was, he involved himself, unawares, in contradictions from which there is no escape.*

Arnold's value for us, as students of the Bible, consists in his wide culture and experience of life, his keen insight, almost infallible taste, and unsurpassed literary judgment—and these are indispensable qualities in any who undertake to interpret that book which deals more largely with human life than any other. It was the human element in the Bible that appealed strongly to Matthew Arnold. The literary beauty and charm of the Hebrew Scriptures fascinated and delighted him. And it was the lack of any true appreciation of the Bible as literature for which he criticised the theologians of his day. His whole contention from first to last was that the language of Scripture was not scientific, but literary, poetic, and eloquent, and therefore could in no sense be construed scientifically. It would be a mistake to regard him as an iconoclast. His severest critics must at least give him the credit of making the attempt in every instance to find some secure and permanent basis for faith in the sacred Scriptures apart from the traditional belief in their divine origin and inspiration. He noted with regret what must have struck every observant and thoughtful student of the times—the growing neglect of the Bible by the multitude. Men even who consider themselves well educated evince gross ignorance of quite commonplace allusions to scriptural names and events.

* The denial, *i. e.*, of personality to God, and the assertion of a cosmic righteousness—an attribute inseparable from personality: which he thus at once implies and denies to the "Eternal not ourselves." This inconsistency may be explained by variations of mood: in his serious, positive, constructive, and ethical moods he divined an attribute of personality in the power behind phenomena, which in moments of levity, in his negative, destructive, critical and purely intellectual vein, he denied.—ED.

Arnold's *Literature and Dogma* was an attempt to awaken interest in the Bible, to induce a study of the Hebrew Scriptures for their surpassing literary beauty, and yet more for their unrivalled excellence as a guide in matters of conduct.

The key to his interpretation, therefore, is to be sought in these two words, "Culture" and "Conduct." "Culture" he defined to be "tact, judgment, knowledge, and a wide literary experience of men and things,"—and such culture, he would say, is necessary to any proper appreciation of the Bible as literature. If we have in the Bible the remains of a national literature, we must of course attach varying degrees of value and importance to its various books. Arnold maintained that Chronicles could not take rank with Judges, or the Epistle of Jude with the Gospel according to St. John. In his view, the old Protestant idea that the Bible was infallibly inspired in every word and letter had done much to destroy its literary attractiveness, because it failed to discriminate between what was and what was not important. The dry records of Chronicles could not be considered to have equal inspiration with Isaiah and Jeremiah. It is only necessary to refer to the growth of the canon of Scripture to see that herein he was undoubtedly correct. The fathers of the early Church not only distinguished between the books themselves but also regarded some books as possessing a higher degree of inspiration than others.

To follow now more in detail his method of interpretation: he searched the Old Testament for some "master-word" which should furnish the clue to the thought of the Hebrew people. This he found in the word "righteousness." "'Conduct,'" he said, "is a word of common use. 'Morality' is a philosophical term." Religion he defined as "morality touched with emotion." We need not go far, he thought, in a study of the Bible to discover that

conduct—righteousness—which is the end of religion, is in a special manner the object of Bible-religion. *Literature and Dogma* abounds in quotations in support of this position. The name "Jeshurun," one of the ideal names for the Hebrew people, means the "upright." The name of that mysterious being "Melchizedek," who met Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings and blessed him, has been interpreted to mean "king of righteousness." The entire Old Testament is filled with the word and thought of righteousness. "In the way of righteousness is life. . . . Righteousness tendeth to life. . . . He that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own hurt. . . . The way of the transgressor is hard." The law of righteousness was such an object of veneration to the Jews that its very words were to be in their hearts: "Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." They said of the doctrine of righteousness: "Take fast hold of her, let her not go. Keèp her for she is thy life." The germ therefore of the religious consciousness of the Hebrew race, out of which sprang Israel's name for God, was the idea of a "Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." The genesis of this conception of righteousness our author explains as follows: In the beginning of time some single man would control a selfish propensity or animal instinct of his nature, and, finding that this brought happiness and peace of mind, would be induced to repeat the experiment, until by degrees he built up in himself a habit of self-control and so came to experience the actual workings of the law of righteousness, the beneficial effects of which he could test for himself. From this stage of experience it was but a step to the recognition of a truth which became clearer with every fresh advance in a life of virtue—that this law of

righteousness was unfailing and unchangeable. So man gave it the name " Eternal "; it was the " Eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness." From its personification the idea of God was evolved, and by a purely anthropomorphic process converted eventually into a sort of magnified non-natural man to whom the term " Person " was applied. Arnold failed to tell us how it was that the Jews came to make so much of this great thought of righteousness. He believed that it was no more capable of explanation than the fact that the Greeks possessed a genius for form, for sensuous beauty, or the Romans for government and order. He accepted the fact without attempting to account for it. To return therefore to his original proposition: the Bible he considered the world's masterpiece on the great subject of conduct. As long as men aspire to virtuous living, they must go to it for guidance and inspiration. He argued that just as one with a talent for sculpture goes to the remains of ancient Greek art to cultivate his sense of form, or another with literary tastes studies the great models of classical excellence, so one who really wants to know how to live must go to the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures to have his conscience enlightened and his moral nature strengthened. Though there was much in their national character that was unattractive, though as a people they were singularly lacking in æsthetic appreciation, the Hebrews yet deserve an enduring place in the world's regard, because they were the first to grasp clearly and firmly the workings of this law of righteousness, and to see its bearing upon life and conduct—and conduct, Arnold considered, makes up at the lowest estimate three fourths of life. Satisfied that he had found its open sesame, he proceeded to interpret the whole Bible in terms of this master-word. " Wisdom becomes the clear perception of the workings of the Law of Righteousness." The wise man is he who clearly per-

ceives the method and operation of this law and models his life upon it. Nor can he stop here, for its workings being invariable, however different its manifestations, he comes in time to regard the law as one. Monotheism was therefore the personification of the oneness and invariableness of the law, and so the "Power not ourselves" became an "Eternal Unity not ourselves." This conception of Deity would naturally be opposed to idolatry and creature worship, because idolatry tended to do away with unity while it still further degraded the law of righteousness by embodying it in visible objects of worship, whereas that law was above all else an inward and spiritual reality. The prophets were they who more profoundly than others believed in the "Eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness," and who looked beyond present disaster and defeat to the ultimate triumph of goodness. They constantly appealed from the apostasy and infidelity of their own generation to a future day when "truth would flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven." Hence the Messianic hope of the Jews sprang primarily from their indestructible faith in the final triumph of righteousness and the final overthrow of evil. The Messianic idea as it gradually took shape in the writings of the prophets was simply the poetic form which this undying hope assumed. Baffled, disappointed, crushed by repeated disasters, it yet ran its magnificent course and showed its innate power to live in the millennial hopes and anticipations which survived even the downfall of the nation. This is what our author called the "Aberglaube," or "Extra-belief" which makes up the poetry of life. It is not science, although it is always calling itself science. The genius of Christ, according to this interpretation, consisted in his grasp and expansion of this great thought of righteousness. Christ was the first to lay special stress upon personal as distinguished from social and national

righteousness — upon which the emphasis of the Old Testament chiefly fell. The prophets may have had a true apprehension of an inner law of life which should possess each individual conscience, but they labored in vain to impress it upon the great mass of their fellow-countrymen. Where they failed Christ succeeded, and the secret of his success is to be found in his method, which was to change the inner man. This change was called repentance, and when once brought about, there was revealed to the heart the " secret of Jesus." This is best described as a state of inward peace and happiness. But to the method and secret of Jesus we must add still a third quality: " Sweet reasonableness." These when taken together constitute the religion of Christ. To be in Christ is to be in his " secret " and in his " method." Salvation, therefore, consists in following him. What Christ did for the cause of righteousness was to make it personal, to quicken feeling, and so to give it that touch of the emotional which marks the transition from morality to religion. Thus we are brought to our author's views concerning the New Testament. We have already referred to his bold and original interpretation of the theology of St. Paul. Here he took issue with the popular theology of his day, which made the test words of the Apostle's Gospel to be " calling," " election," " justification," and " sanctification," whereas he would make them consist in such phrases as " Dying with Christ," " Resurrection from the dead," " Growing into Christ," " Salvation by righteousness," and " Righteousness by Jesus Christ." We may say in passing that Christ is both the justification of our faith and our salvation by righteousness. Arnold's interpretation does not overthrow the old theology but simply complements it by giving the practical side of faith as it issues forth and proves itself in conduct. His handling of the vexed question of the authorship of St. John's

Gospel was perhaps as original and striking as his treatment of St. Paul. He assumed as the date of that Gospel the year 125 A.D.—only fifteen years later than Dr. Harnack's conjectural date. He held that it was written at Ephesus by a Greek convert who was steeped in Alexandrian philosophy. St. John's connection with it consisted in the "logia," or sayings of our Lord which he supplied. In support of his theory Arnold sought to prove that the author of the fourth Gospel wrote as only a foreigner would write when referring to the usages and customs of an alien people. Thus the water-pots at Cana are said to have been "after the manner of the purifying of the Jews," and again, "The Jews' Passover was at hand." "A dispute arose between some of John's disciples and a Jew about purifying." It is as though an Englishman should write of the Derby as the "English people's Derby." In like manner the well-known discrepancy between St. John and the Synoptics as to the time of the Passover is to be explained by the supposition that the author was a foreigner, and therefore more liable to be mistaken than those who were born Jews.

In conclusion we may express our conviction that Arnold has done the cause of religion a real service by emphasizing the importance of righteousness. He falls short of the Christian conception, but so far as he goes he does nothing to undermine but a great deal to strengthen the foundations of true religion, and his view of the Bible is likely to commend itself to many who are unable to accept the traditional view. And certainly there can be no better test of the truth of any doctrine than the influence which it has upon conduct; and we need not ask for any more convincing evidence of the inspiration of the Scriptures than the truth which he was never tired of enforcing—that it is only by a study of them that men can learn how to live. His high estimate of the Bible as literature, in the light of Dr. R. G. Moul-

ton's recent work, comes to us with something of the force of prophecy. Speaking of its influence upon himself, he said: "From no poetry or literature, not even from our own Shakespeare and Milton, great as they are and our own as they are, have I, for my part, received so much delight and stimulus as from Homer and Isaiah." No one can read his masterly essay on *Hellenism and Hebraism* without seeing how profoundly both the Greek and Hebrew classics influenced him. It would scarcely be too much to say that that essay contains the cream of his philosophy and furnishes us with the key to his thought. The Bible, he believed, has been of the highest possible value to the cause of culture, and its literary power was heightened by the fact that the effect of Hebrew poetry could be preserved and transmuted into a foreign language—especially the English—as the effect of no other great poetry could be. It is apparent that a work on the plan of Dr. Moulton's *Modern Readers' Bible* would have delighted him; he would have been in entire sympathy and accord with an undertaking which could be carried out for the first time only in our own age, and which illustrates his principle.

It is impossible to say to what degree Arnold believed in the immortality of the soul. At times he seemed to despair altogether of the life after death, but there is an argument for immortality in *Literature and Dogma* which reminds us somewhat of Kant's famous line of reasoning: "Instead of fairy tales, let us begin, at least, in the certainties. And a certainty is the sense of life, of being truly alive, which accompanies righteousness. If this experimental sense does not rise to be stronger in us, does not rise to the sense of being inextinguishable, that is probably because our experience of righteousness is really so very small. Here, therefore, we may well permit ourselves to trust Jesus, whose practice and intuition both of them went, in these matters, so far deeper than

ours. At any rate, we have in our experience this strong sense of life from righteousness to start with; capable of being developed, apparently, by progress in righteousness into something immeasurably stronger. Here is the true basis for all religious aspiration after immortality." One cannot help putting here the pertinent question: "If we may permit ourselves to trust the practice and intuition of Jesus in so solemn a matter as the soul's immortality, why not trust them in regard to belief in a personal God? If Christ's intuitions are so much deeper than ours and therefore so much more trustworthy, it seems inconsistent to accept him as a guide on the question of the soul's future existence and not to accept the equally fundamental affirmation of his life that God was his Father. If the religious instinct of the Hebrew race led them to personify the 'Eternal not ourselves,' was it not because the human heart can never attach itself to an abstract and impersonal Power?"

The confusion underlying Arnold's idea of an "Eternal Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness" is admirably exposed in an essay of Tulloch's, thus paraphrased by Dr. Pfleiderer: Arnold's "Power not ourselves" can as little be verified by experience in the sense of natural science as any ancient dogma. All that can be proved by the method of this science is the recurrence of certain external conditions to which Arnold gives the name of "righteousness," and behind which he supposes a Power causing them. . . . The idea of righteousness is as certainly a product of the conscience, or of what he calls metaphysics, as the idea of personality; both arise from within, and are not brought from without. In fact, the two are twin ideas, inseparably connected in the Hebrew and the universal conscience—a law of conduct and a lawgiver or personal authority, from whom it issues. . . . Accordingly, Arnold's notion of dogma as an excrescence or a disease of religion is superficial.

If righteousness as a law of life can be proved by the religious experience of the race, quite as well can dogma be shown to be the legitimate fruit of the religious thought of the race when reflecting upon this experience. The Christian creed is the result of the finest exercise of the greatest minds of the Church, who have made the facts of religious consciousness as revealed in the Bible and wrought out in the spiritual experience of mankind the object of their study. To a truly logical agnostic, Arnold's " Power not ourselves " must appear as a survival of that metaphysical and supernatural postulate which he himself rejected, and as no more capable than that of verification by experience in the empirical sense of that term.

W. A. GUERRY.

VI.

THE LATE COURSE OF ETHICAL THOUGHT.

IN ethics, as in all other fields of human thought, there is to be noted a constant tidal ebb and flow between extremes, which in this case may be distinguished as self-regard and regard for others, private and public interest, hedonism, egoism or selfishness, and altruism or benevolence; and there is yet the further question, how these stand related to religion, to religious motives and sanctions. Thus there arises a third category: theological ethics or piety. We shall find that all the moralists of our or any time will find their place among these categories—for from this circle there is no escape.

The dominant system of morals at the beginning of our period—that is, the middle of the century—was utilitarianism—and this furnishes our starting-point. In this system the motive of all human conduct was held to be the happiness of the individual. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number" was its shibboleth, and it was maintained that conduct which stood this test was right, and conducive to individual happiness. As this teaching was strictly in accordance with the then prevailing spirit, it reigned supreme for many years, and influenced even Christian moralists. But in spite of its seeming fairness and its high-sounding shibboleth, it tended to and was at bottom mere selfishness. Since from its principles it is impossible to prove that conduct most productive of human welfare produces most individ-

ual happiness, it left self-interest supreme. Its inmost essence is revealed by the saying of its founder Bentham: "Nothing but self-regard will serve for diet, though for dessert benevolence is a valuable addition."

The reaction against this position may be best illustrated by contrasting with it the opinion of John Stuart Mill, the greatest and most influential of Bentham's disciples: "A disinterested spirit should be the motive in the performance of all socially useful work." In contrast to Bentham's opposition to the doctrine of a moral sense, Mill adopted toward it a conciliatory attitude. He held that "the mind is not in a situation conformable to the highest utility unless it loves virtue as a thing desirable in itself." Though this inverted the true order, still subordinating virtue to utility, it marked a long advance, and in fact amounted to a surrender of the essential principle of utilitarianism. It was a sort of illicit process, deriving disinterested virtue from premises that only recognized self-interest. Mill sought to explain this regard for virtue by a "law of association, of feelings and ideas, by which objects originally desired as a means come to be desired as an end." The inclination to justice or any virtue was at first mere non-moral impulse, but by repeated performance, always to one's benefit, justice itself became an end and virtuous conduct received a moral sanction. The tendency thus acquired, he maintained, "may become so strong that the habit of virtuous conduct continues even when the reward the virtuous man receives is anything but an equivalent for the suffering he undergoes or the wishes he may have to renounce," and thus self-sacrifice—the sacrifice of utility, of individual happiness—is made possible.

This generous inconsistency of Mill's, marking the emergence of altruism out of a lower system, is to be explained in great measure by the influence, which we know was powerful over him, of the contemporary French phi-

losopher, Auguste Comte. Here accordingly it becomes necessary to notice the important contribution made by the latter to the ethical thought of Great Britain. Applying his positivist method to moral science, Comte explained all its phenomena as results of natural principles and a natural development. The principle underlying this development was the ever heightening supremacy of the truly human over the animal side of our nature. To him the highest social feeling was "devotion to humanity as a whole." Benevolence and its increase—the habit of living for others, rather than the mere increase of happiness—should be the ultimate aim and standard of practice. He held, however, that these are really inseparable, and that the more altruistic any man's sentiments and habits of action become the greater the happiness enjoyed by him as well as by others. He never surrendered to egoism, but recognized it as an ally when properly regulated.

It was this Comtean ethic that introduced the phase of thought characteristic of our period, influencing all who adopted his positive philosophy or for any cause abandoned revealed religion. All later thinkers, except Spencer, were more or less of this altruistic school, and its evolutionary method harmonized well with the prevailing scientific mood.

The next—and the most original—contribution to ethical thought was made by Herbert Spencer in his *Data of Ethics* (1879), in which he rigorously applied to morals the principles of evolution. Though influenced by altruistic thought, his system turned out to be a kind of social hedonism. He proposed three moral ends to attain which all human conduct should be directed and by which its value should be determined: (1) Duration (length) of physical life; (2) Quantity (breadth) of life; that is, extent and intensity of its activities and enjoyments; (3) Preservation of offspring. These ends should coincide

with other two: (4) So to attain them as not to prevent others from equal enjoyment, and (5) Mutual help in attaining these ends. Right and wrong, according to this evolutionist scheme, always refer to duration and quantity of life. Life is worth living if it has a surplus of agreeable feeling, and the good is the pleasurable. Having set forth these principles, Spencer turned to a criticism of other schools, ridiculing the morals based on sensation, and, concerning altruism, making the shrewd observation that if carried to an extreme it causes egoism in the person or persons gratified—(as witness the extreme selfishness of a husband who has a too self-sacrificing wife). The over-altruistic, moreover, (and judged by his principles, this is a most damaging conclusion,) leave no descendants. His hope for the future was that "as society advances sympathetic pleasures will ultimately be spontaneously pursued."

We note in this system omissions that render it hopelessly ineffectual and unsatisfactory. There is no consideration of will, of the sense of guilt or shortcoming, or that of duty and reverence—and Duty is the sphinx whose riddle every ethical aspirant must solve or be devoured. According to evolutionary standards, apparently, much that is universally held wrong would be perfectly legitimate, and much universally considered right would be manifestly wrong. What room, for instance, does Spencer's definition of right leave for Martyrdom? To take a case about which all would agree, let us consider the conduct of Antigone, the noblest woman and the truest martyr in classic literature. The principle for which she died was a superstition, and furnished in reason no just cause for the sacrifice. And judged by Spencer's criterion it was wrong, for it not only sacrificed her own life but also the possibility of descendants—a fact which she herself keenly lamented. Yet, though this consideration was much stronger with

an ancient Greek than it could possibly be with a modern, it did not make her conception of right waver or her will falter for an instant, and all who have been thrilled by her story—even Mr. Spencer himself—will agree that her conduct was right and praiseworthy.

This illustration casts a searching light upon his whole system; it is incapable of justifying or producing the noblest conduct. It is selfish at bottom, and only by a forced development from his principles can he recognize the value of conduct most conducive to the general welfare.

It is no wonder that Mr. Leslie Stephen broke away from evolutionary ethics as interpreted by Spencer, admitting, as in the preface to his latest book, that evolution is insufficient to solve the problem of ethics.

Huxley marked a distinct advance. His system was a dualism — a contrast between the microcosm and the macrocosm, as he phrased it,—and although its principles were worked out along the lines of the theory of evolution, they were of firmer moral fibre than the foregoing. He illustrated his view by an elaborate figure: the contrast between a garden protected by a wall, within which a state of art is created by man, and uncultivated nature without. In the garden the ordinary laws operating outside, especially the survival of the fittest, are suspended. This distinction between the world of nature and of man is universally recognized, and is both useful and justifiable; and yet the human energy and intelligence which have brought into existence and maintain the garden are, strictly speaking, part and parcel of the cosmic process. If it be objected that the cosmic cannot then be in antagonism to the horticultural process, which is part of itself—that the assertion that they are antagonistic is illogical—Huxley replies: So much the worse for logic, for the fact is so. The horticultural process is opposed in its very principle to the cosmic. The characteristic

feature of the latter is the intense and unceasing competition of the struggle for existence; of the former, the suppression of that struggle by the removal of the conditions that give rise to it. Further elaboration of the figure brings out analogies between the garden and a colony, within which the flora and fauna native to the country have been extirpated or driven out and new species introduced. Farms and pastures now represent the garden and the colonists the gardeners. The contrast still holds good between the laws which inure to their preservation and development and the state of nature outside. Their supreme concern is still to prevent the encroachments of this warring nature; their next to secure peace within the colony and the gradual development of all that constitutes civilization. And every step of this progress would be obtained by removing the colony one degree farther from the state of nature and establishing a state more and more antagonistic to it. But " a serpent " would enter the colony in the shape of over-production of new members, the check upon reproduction of the struggle for existence having been removed, and this would tend to destroy the colony and to bring back the old conditions. Moreover, " all men agree in their innate desire to enjoy the pleasures and escape the pains of life; to do nothing but what it pleases them to do. This is the reality at the bottom of the old doctrine of original sin—an inheritance from ancestors in whom the strength of this tendency to self-assertion was the condition of victory in the struggle for existence. Those who advocate the ' Ethics of Evolution ' would not combat this tendency, but because the survival of the fittest through unrestricted competition operates for development in the cosmic process, they would introduce it into the human polity, not perceiving that it would destroy it as certainly as tearing down the wall would destroy the garden." The ethical progress of society depends not on

imitating the cosmic process, still less on running away from it, but upon combating it. But men make a mistake in supposing that there is any beneficent power in the macrocosm that will ever aid their ends. "All efforts to reconcile the existence of evil with the goodness of God fail." Buddhist and Stoic alike found their highest development possible only by self-abnegation and avoidance of all that would bring them into contact with the outer order; but we to-day are agreed " that the proportion of good and evil may be sensibly affected by human action, and so far as we possess a power of bettering things it is our paramount duty to use it and to train our intellect and energy to this supreme service of our kind. . . . Social progress will be attained by a checking of the cosmic process at every step—but the great difference between ancient times and the present day is that now we have acquired a solid foundation for the belief that this audacious combat of the microcosm with the macrocosm will reach a certain measure of success."

Here, too, beside the logical flaw in his dualism which Huxley brushed aside in a cavalier manner that can never satisfy the mind, one finds a contradiction. If the macrocosm is wholly evil, nay, if it is only unmoral, there is nothing for man to build on, no guarantee that any progress is more than seeming, or that one day—as he himself suggested—the conditions necessary to progress in the macrocosm may not be reversed and the microcosm be overwhelmed in its retrogression. If, on the other hand, reasonable progress has been made in the past and can be counted on for the future, the existence of a beneficent power is suggested in both microcosm and macrocosm, who wills the development of each through its own laws.

Matthew Arnold's ethical doctrine may be regarded as a literary and subjective phase of that dualism of which Huxley's was the scientific and objective. He summar-

ized it as follows in his preface to *Last Essays on Church and Religion:* "All experience as to conduct brings us at last to the fact of two selves or instincts or forces . . . contending for the mastery in man: one, a movement of first impulse and more involuntary, leading us to justify any inclination that may solicit us, and called generally a movement of man's ordinary or passing self, of sense, appetite, desire; the other, a movement of reflection and more voluntary, leading us to submit inclination to some rule, and called generally a movement of man's higher or enduring self, of reason, spirit, will. . . . For a man to obey the highest self, or reason, or whatever it is to be called, is happiness and life for him; to obey the lower, is death and misery." That, while assuming this conflict, he suggested a way of escape through a motive that should powerfully assist the appeal of the higher nature, and that he recognized the truth embodied in our criticism of Huxley—the existence of a moral order in the universe—marked him as the herald of a higher stage of ethical theory.

We know of his insistence in all his writings on the importance of conduct—and by conduct he meant right conduct,—and also of his affirmation of an " Eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness." And further: he recognized more clearly than his predecessors the necessity of something more than a knowledge of the principles of right and wrong to secure right conduct; a need which was pointed out by Aristotle in his criticism of Plato's idea that the mere knowledge of the right course would be sufficient to ensure its being pursued by any reasonable man—and which was felt by the Roman poet when he expressed the unceasing contest of all the ages in the words, " Video meliora proboque pejora sequor." Sentiment, said Arnold, is needed to transform this knowledge into conduct, and sentiment requires an object, and no object can be found as capable of producing

sentiment adequate to secure right conduct as the person of Christ. "Socrates inspired boundless friendship and esteem; but . . . a penetrating enthusiasm of love, sympathy, pity, adoration, reinforcing the inspiration of reason and duty, does not belong to Socrates. With Jesus it is different. On this point it is needless to argue; history has proved. In the midst of errors the most immoral, . . . the immense emotion of love and sympathy inspired by the person and character of Jesus has had to work almost by itself alone for righteousness; and it has worked wonders. . . . Now, to help our impulse toward righteousness, we have a power enabling us to turn this impulse to full account" (*St. Paul and Protestantism*). And yet he regarded Christ as a purely human person, and did not seem to realize that a denial of his divinity deprives his person of its chief efficacy for good; not at all because it makes his human character less worthy of regard and imitation, but because it then ceases to reveal the divine.

Through Thomas Hill Green, the greatest philosopher and moralist of Arnold's time, the transition was fairly effected from altruism to theological ethics. Green was distinctly a theist, believing in a personal or superpersonal God. He taught "that there is one spiritual, self-conscious being, of which all that is real is the activity or expression; that we are related to this spiritual being . . . as partakers . . . of the self-consciousness through which it at once constitutes and distinguishes itself from the world; that this participation is the source of morality and religion." He found in the mental and moral nature of man sufficient proofs of the existence of God: our knowledge and will presuppose and are sublimated into a knowledge of a Universal Mind and Will. He was dominated by an almost overpowering sense of personal responsibility, and this, seen embodied in his strong, admirable, and truly heroic personality, gave him

a wonderful influence over all thoughtful and earnest minds among the undergraduates at Oxford. To those who have read *Robert Elsmere*—and who has not ?—it may be some compensation for this necessarily brief and inadequate mention to add that he was the original of Mr. Gray in that book, who was to Robert Elsmere what his original had been to its author.

In the course of our sketch we have noticed a progress step by step in the ethical principles of successive teachers and a gradual approximation to the truths of Christianity. Dr. James Martineau marks the culmination of the movement so far, in a synthesis of ethics and religion. According to him (*Types of Ethical Theory*, 1886): "The fundamental basis of ethics is the broad fact that men have a consciousness of better and worse in human beings and affairs and approve and disapprove accordingly." The objects of our judgment are responsible beings,—and it is the inner spring of action which determines our praise or blame. In the face of a general opinion to the contrary, he maintains that the moral sense is not a social product, but can be known in the first instance only internally, by self-consciousness. We judge other men's conduct by principles familiar to our own inner experience. The moral judgment is aroused through the "simultaneous presence of two springs, whose difference amounts to strife, which check and exclude each other." Whenever this happens we are immediately sensible of a contrast between them—that one is higher and worthier than the other. Thus we form an ethical scale. The sensibility of the mind to the gradations of this scale is what we call conscience, and resembles the sensibility of the ear to gradations in pitch.

Dr. Martineau's analysis and classification of the manifold springs of human action proceeds, from below upward, from certain malevolent passions, through organic propensions and the higher passions, affections and

sentiments, to the primary motives of Wonder, Admiration, Parental and Social Affections, Compassion, and Reverence. From this scale he deduces the following rule of moral conduct and definition of right and wrong: every action is right which in the presence of a lower principle follows a higher: every action is wrong which in the presence of a higher principle follows a lower. Criticising utilitarianism, he shows that " if it once admits the moral sense to be there, in the mind, it must be adequate to report to us right and wrong without an appeal to self-love." He also criticises the views of Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Herbert Spencer as to the origin of the moral sense. Moral authority, he maintains, is ultimately not subjective but objective—not vested in ideas but residing in a person. Thus his ethics reach up into theology, whence he derives Free Will and a Moral Governor. " If the sense of authority means anything, it means the discernment of something higher than we,—and since we are persons, therefore a person greater, higher, and of deeper insight." The objection that, by recognizing a higher power whose sanction is needed for the decisions of conscience, he transforms his system from a psychological—or since his psychology is controlled by conscience, an ideo-psychological—into a theo-psychological system is true, but it must be incurred; since the faithful interrogation of conscience forces the mind from conscience up to conscience' God.

In his *Study of Religion* (1888), Dr. Martineau demonstrates in an interesting manner what a great factor reverence toward a personality whom one loves and reveres is in the education of the individual and of the race. " Truths as such do not influence the will. All the abstract teaching of religion and morality has very little tendency to make people either religious or moral. . . . The force of personal example, the personal character of the teacher, must inspire the mind of the taught with

affection and reverence. . . . Our true moral life and education are dependent on the presence of some nature higher than our own. We need the assurance that the moral differences that we feel have their verification in reality. . . . The ascendency of the greater soul over the less is won by touching the springs of reverence. Example operates piecemeal upon the habits, while the enthusiasm awakened by a loftier mind is a universal energy, flooding the whole soul." This, he maintains, can be evoked only by a sentiment of reverence toward personality; "We cannot present to children abstract and empty formulas if we wish to bend their wills to our liking. It must be reverence and love toward a personality." And children again—as Landor remarked—"when you have related to them a story which has greatly interested them, ask immediately and anxiously, 'Is it true?' Reverence must therefore be for a personality that is real, existing, and true—for God."

A peculiar feature of the thought of our time demands notice, in concluding. From the time of Comte, ethical writers have endeavored more eagerly than ever before to eliminate religion from their systems. Taking from Christianity its fundamental principle, they have disguised it under the new name "Altruism," and have set it over against religion, proclaiming its superiority to Christianity. Their position is contradictory and characterized by unstable equilibrium. "Ethics," says Martineau, "must either perfect itself into religion or else disintegrate into hedonism,"—and history and experience corroborate the saying. Those who have attempted to live by altruism alone have for the most part degenerated into selfish pleasure-seekers or advanced into devoted Christians; in the rare cases in which they have remained faithful adherents of their abstract creed their lives have been characterized by the most profound mel-

ancholy, as witness Henri Amiel and Arthur Hugh Clough.

Egoism and altruism are opposed at every point, and altruism is without a base for its principles or a motive for their application strong enough to overcome the palpable allurements of hedonism. Christianity is the synthesis that combines the two, furnishing the base and the motive needed by altruism, which then becomes applied Christianity, and proving the truest fulfilment of hedonism: since in a universe governed by supreme beneficence virtue and happiness must ultimately coincide.

W. P. WOOLF.

VII.

POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC MOVEMENTS.

THE aim and inspiration of all political and economic movements in this century have been and are political and economic equality. The means used for the attainment of this consummation so devoutly wished by many of the leaders as well as by the rank and file of mankind have been the extension (1) of suffrage, evidenced by the Reform Acts; (2) of distribution of profits—the aim of trades-unions; and (3) of the functions of government, illustrated by socialistic legislation, both national and municipal.

I. **Extension of Suffrage.**—In 1830 Lord Wellington said in debate in the House of Lords that he had never heard or read of any measure, up to that moment, which could in any degree satisfy his mind that the state of the representation could be improved — be rendered more satisfactory to the country at large.

At that time, "of six hundred and fifty-eight members in the House of Commons, four hundred and twenty-five were returned on the nomination or recommendation of two hundred and fifty-two patrons."

"It was to remedy this state of things," says Mr. Woodrow Wilson, in his volume on *The State*, "that the well-known reforms of the present century were undertaken," and he has summarized their results with such precision and fitness for our purpose that we cannot do better than to adopt his statement. "Those reforms

have made the House of Commons truly representative and national: and in making it national have made it dominant. In 1832 there was made a wholesale redistribution of seats and a complete reformation of the franchise. The decayed towns were deprived of their members, and the new centres of population were accorded adequate representation. The right to vote in the counties was extended from those who owned freeholds to those who held property on lease and those who held copyhold estates, and to tenants whose holdings were of the clear annual value of fifty pounds. The borough franchise was put upon the uniform basis of householders whose houses were worth not less than ten pounds a year. This was putting representation into the hands of the middle, well-to-do classes; and with them it remained till 1867. In 1867 another redistribution of seats was effected, which increased the number of Scotch members from fifty-four to sixty, and made other important readjustments of representation. The franchise was at the same time very greatly widened. In the boroughs all householders and every lodger whose lodgings cost him ten pounds annually were given the right to vote; and in the counties, besides every forty-shilling freeholder, every copyholder and leaseholder whose holding was of the annual value of five pounds, and every householder whose rent was not less than twelve pounds a year. Thus representation stood for almost twenty years. Finally, in 1884, the basis of the present franchise was laid. The qualifications for voters in the counties were made the same as the qualifications fixed for borough electors by the law of 1867, and over two millions and a half of voters were thus added to the active citizenship of the country. There is now a uniform 'household and lodger franchise' throughout the kingdom. In 1885 another great Redistribution Act was passed, which merged eighty-one English, two Scotch,

and twenty-two Irish boroughs in the counties in which they lie, for purposes of representation; gave additional members to fourteen English, three Scotch, and two Irish boroughs; and created thirty-three new urban constituencies. The greater towns which returned several members were cut up into single-member districts, and a like arrangement was effected in the counties, which were divided into electoral districts, to each of which a single representative was assigned. These changes were accompanied by an increase of twelve in the total number of members,"—raising it, that is, from six hundred and fifty-eight to six hundred and seventy, where it now stands.

The settlement of 1832 was quite artificial, the line drawn both in boroughs and counties between voters and non-voters being purely arbitrary.

The year 1866 was marked by great financial depression and consequent disturbance of labor; and Mr. Gladstone introduced a reform bill on behalf of the Government, but could not carry it through. It took time to develop enthusiasm for reform. Two events in the fall of the year gave a marked impetus to the demand for it,—the first being a vast popular meeting in Hyde Park that ended in a riot; the second, a speech of Mr. Gladstone's, in which he put the pertinent question, "Are they [the non-voters] not our own flesh and blood?" Soon after the passage of the bill of 1867 began the agitation on behalf of the rural laborers, conducted by Joseph Arch, which resulted in the Reform Bill of 1884.

II. **Extension of the Distribution of Profits.**—The great factor in this movement for the amelioration of the condition of the working classes is that striking phenomenon of the last half of the century in the world of commerce—the Trades-Union. It was as late as 1825 that the laws against any sort of union by workingmen for the bettering of their condition were repealed, and for many

years after that the common law against conspiracy was used to put down all such united efforts. The Trades-Union is practically a growth of the past fifty years. Nearly every branch of activity now has its union, from messenger boys upward. The chief aims of these unions are to procure higher wages and shorter hours for the laborer. One union declares its object to be "to guard against encroachments by aristocracy, to preserve natural and political rights, elevate moral and intellectual conditions, and establish the honor and safety of the industrial vocations." How large the share of the trades-unions may be in the changes that have taken place and are still going on in the world of labor is impossible to decide; that there has been a gradual increase in the rate of wages in most occupations, a decrease in the hours of labor, and a general improvement in the condition of the working classes,—that political equality, that is, has been followed by a more equal and equitable distribution of the product of labor, is a firmly established fact.

III. **Extension of the Functions of Government.**—As opposed to the *laissez-faire* doctrine of the elder liberals, the late Professor Jevons lays down the modern doctrine, in his essay on "The State in Relation to Labor," in these words: "The State is justified in passing any law, or even in doing any single act, which, without ulterior consequences, adds to the sum total of happiness. . . . The liberty of the subject is only the means towards an end. Hence when it fails to produce the desired result, it may be set aside and other means employed." In his article on "Favorable Aspects of State Socialism," in the *North American Review* for May, 1891, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain excellently illustrates the application of this principle: "An impartial consideration of the facts . . . must lead to the conclusion that there has been a very great improvement in the condition of the people during the period under review, and

that this improvement has been largely due to the intervention of the State and to what is called socialistic legislation. The acts for the regulation of mines and the inspection of factories and workshops, the Truck Act (preventing the payment of wages in kind), the acts regulating merchants' shipping, the Artisans'-Dwelling Act, the Allotments Act (enabling local authorities to take land and to provide allotments for laborers), the Education Act, the Poor Law, and the Irish Land Acts, are all of them measures which more or less limit or control individual action." These all are instances of national socialistic legislation, other famous examples of which are the control not only of the post-office but of the telegraph as well by the British Government. No better ideas of the result of municipal socialistic legislation in our period could be given than is afforded by another paragraph in Mr. Chamberlain's article: "It is hardly too much to say that the Birmingham of to-day is everything that old Birmingham was not. The sewerage has been completed, a system of sanitary inspection is strictly carried out, the private monopolies have been acquired by the corporation, their supply has been improved and cheapened, and the surplus profits have been carried to the credit of the rates. The town is well paved with wood in the principal streets, and with stone where there is the heaviest traffic. The footpaths have everywhere been put in order. The courts have been paved and drained. An infectious hospital has been established, to which all contagious diseases are at once removed. In every district of the city there have been provided baths and wash-houses, parks and recreation grounds, and free libraries which count their readers by hundreds of thousands. A magnificent art gallery and museum has been erected, the visitors to which number nearly a million in a single year. School houses, under the management of the School Board, with large playgrounds attached, have

sprung up everywhere, and now accommodate forty-thousand children, the rest being provided for in the voluntary schools. Technical education is offered at the Midland Institute and the Mason College, and art education at the School of Art and its branches. The great local endowed school of King Edward's foundation has been reformed and placed under representative management, and by means of scholarships offers the opportunity of higher education to the poorest of our citizens. In fact, the ordinary artisan finds now within his reach the appliances of health, the means of refinement, and the opportunities of innocent recreation, which formerly were at the disposal of only the more wealthy inhabitants."

In conclusion, to show the bearing of the above on our subject, Arnold perceived plainly, with truly remarkable insight, the tendency of events during his lifetime, and ranged himself, however critically, and with whatever misgivings, on the side of the people. He saw and said that the old aristocracy—the "Barbarians," as he called its constituents—was doomed, and that the future was to be given to democracy. In the midst of the alarm caused among the upper classes by the sudden and wide extension of the franchise to illiterate masses appeared his *Culture and Anarchy* (1869), the essential idea of which was the necessity of popular education, the civilizing of the newly enfranchised class. The Education Acts of 1870 owe their existence in no small degree to Arnold's influence. He was moreover in entire sympathy with the tendency to extend the field of government in the ways just illustrated; he early announced as his remedy for social ills, "the action of the State."

M. G. JOHNSTON.

VIII.

RECENT HISTORY-WRITING.

OUR course of study has put us in touch with the spirit of the age, an age essentially scientific in its way of looking at things. The scientific attitude of mind has been described as "the patient refusal to attenuate or discard a fact because it will not fit into a system; the determined hope that whatever things are true have further truth to teach if only they are held fast and fairly dealt with." Within the last generation or two this critical and inquisitive spirit and an accompanying desire to turn back to first principles and inquire into the actual truth of every period has led not only to the working over of vast tracts of history, for example, of classical history, but also to the production of new works dealing not so much with the doings of individuals as with manners and customs, the growth of institutions, the influence of race and period upon the individual, the development of law, language, literature, art, industry, commerce, and kindred subjects. The application of the scientific method to historical and cognate branches has resulted in modifying the study of history and in broadening its scope in an extraordinary manner.

The influence of the spirit of the age upon historical study and composition has been manifested especially by the increasing use of all sorts of contemporary records, monuments, inscriptions, documents, charters, and public and private letters and reports. The necessity of a resort

to such primary sources of information arises from the inadequacy, uncertainty, and contradictoriness of the early authorities, annals, etc., of almost all periods of which any record remains. The value of such testimony is owing to the fact that it is unconscious and undesigned; the witness it bears is unpremeditated, and may therefore generally be accepted as true. Such documentary evidence seldom deceives and almost never lies. This is the rule; Freeman furnishes an exception: "It certainly was going a long way when the burgesses of Barnstaple in the time of Edward the Third brought forward a charter of Æthelstan, which not only gave them the right of sending the burgesses to Parliament but further relieved them from divers services and payments on condition of their sending those burgesses. The power of shameless fiction could hardly go further." Here is an example of unblushing forgery, yet the principle of reconstructing certain periods of history from the statute-books and similar records is not open to question, and in practice is sufficiently guarded against deception by well-known rules of criticism.

Again: the scientific scholarship of the age has greatly changed the character of history by its critical examination of myths, fables, legends, anecdotes, and every improbable or extraordinary account. Many fond illusions have been ruthlessly dispelled, many beautiful legends have been shown to be poetical, and for the most part valueless for the purposes of history. Scientific theories have explained our myths and eliminated from our histories quantities of legendary and apocryphal matter and all that savors of the supernatural. The studies of comparative religion, comparative philology, and folk-lore have contributed largely to this result.

So far we have spoken of the critical, analytic, and scientific method; we must next touch briefly on the growth of a synthetic, constructive temper, that calls im-

agination and intuition into play in the attempt to form true pictures of past ages. Conspicuous success has been won in this field in the reconstruction of popular life, as distinguished from public transactions. This necessitates minute acquaintance with the daily and private pursuits, interest, and amusements of past times. History no longer consists merely of accounts of campaigns, treaties, and genealogies of kings, or even of great national events. Our gaze is now turned upon the life of the people—their social, economic, political, intellectual, and moral development. Public events are studied because of the light they throw upon popular progress or conditions. Thus the point of view has been completely changed.

This line of thought culminates in an effort to discover the philosophy of history, to go below the surface of events and discover the underlying principles and laws that control them and give them coherence. Owing to our modern scientific methods of investigation and expression, the term "philosophy" has in many cases properly given place to that of "science." Thus we have converted natural "philosophy," mental, moral, and political "philosophy," into "sciences"; the change of term registering a change in the treatment of these subjects—that is, the application of the inductive method. The same is true of history. Men's views of it and methods of studying it have changed, under the influence of natural science. There is beyond question a science of history. Must we then give up the idea that there is a philosophy of history? By no means; for beside observation of the sequence of events there is a more important matter—its interpretation. There are problems that historical science can never solve; "problems" (to quote a reviewer in the *Nation*) "which in the very nature of the case, no amount of scientific progress can ever subject to the methods of strict inductive

investigation. There will be seen to be in the end a distinction between philosophy and science which is one of *kind* and not one of *degree* merely; and . . . the philosophy of history, as distinguished from the science of history, will be a most important and fruitful subject of inquiry. As much work has been done in the philosophy of this sort by the great seers of the past as in the other by the great analyzers, though it is as yet apparently less productive and less completely systematized into a single body of truth. The real work of Hegel is no more of the same sort as John Stuart Mill's—though necessarily traversing some of the same ground—than the work of Beethoven is of the same kind as a scientific treatise on harmony. The final philosophy of history will no doubt be produced by a mind of this order." We may add that rare is the mind which combines " a comprehensive and firm grasp of a complicated system of ideas—clear, intellectual insight "—with " that peculiar sympathetic and imaginative insight which characterizes the great constructive thinker." Rare, indeed, but all the more to be desired and cultivated!

There is yet another point of contrast between past and present conceptions of history that should be noted. The modern demand is for absolute freedom from bias, partiality, and partisanship in the writing of history. We need only to cite such brilliant names as those of Hume and Macaulay in evidence of the fact that history has only too often been converted into advocacy. Their writings have been called " huge political pamphlets," and as such fail to satisfy the mind of our generation. Our demand is for truth at any cost, truth even at the expense of eloquence, sentiment, brilliancy—at the expense, if need be, of interest and vividness. The historian must be a transparent witness of the truth, not the special pleader of any cause. The masterpieces of Macaulay and Hume retain a hold by reason of their

literary merit; their conclusions can no longer be accepted without qualification.

Having now described the principles that guide modern historical investigation, we may illustrate their application by examining briefly the work of certain famous historians of recent years, noting how they stand these tests, wherein they have achieved greatest success, and what special contribution each has made to the science or philosophy of history.

James Anthony Froude was born at Darlington, England, in 1818. His education began at Westminster School, and thence he passed to Oriel College, Oxford, then the hotbed of the Tractarian Movement, in which his brother was a leader. He was graduated with honor, was made a Fellow of Exeter College, and in 1845 was ordered deacon. Very soon, however, it became evident that he was out of sympathy with his ecclesiastical and scholastic superiors, and his *Shadows of the Clouds* and *Nemesis of Faith* were condemned by the authorities of the University. For twenty years he was connected with various periodicals, first as contributor to, later as editor of, *Fraser's Magazine.* In 1869 he was installed Rector of the University of St. Andrew's. For many years he enjoyed an intimate association with Carlyle in London, and was chosen to record and publish the story of his life. On the sudden death of Professor Edward Augustus Freeman in 1892, Mr. Froude succeeded him as Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. It would be tedious to enumerate all his works; beside *Short Studies on Great Subjects* and *Cæsar, A Sketch,* he published numerous essays and historical studies. He attained an unenviable distinction by his *Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle,* above mentioned. The task was undertaken unwillingly, and it was a most unfortunate production. Tyndall remarked that " he had damaged Carlyle and damned himself." The reading

world experienced a shock at this practical exposure, and Froude himself suffered many anxieties and misgivings on that account during the remainder of his life.* His great and permanent work, of course, is *The History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Armada*, in twelve volumes that date from 1856 to 1870. As Freeman is the historian of early English history and Gardiner of the Commonwealth, so Froude is the historian of the Tudor dynasty, and here he has been of the greatest service. It is a noteworthy fact that Henry VIII., in spite of all his faults and grossness, and in the face of general disparagement, has always been held in esteem by the masses in England. Froude has succeeded in analyzing this sentiment or instinct, which is at bottom sound, and has drawn a vivid picture of the character of Henry, clearing it of some of the grosser charges and revealing the close connection between the King's State policy and private relations. This instance may serve well to illustrate Froude's attitude. Henry VIII. and the Reformation in general had been much disparaged by the new school of High Churchmen: Froude reacted against the High Church movement, and with great vigor and bitter animus entered into a defence of Protestant principles and Protestant heroes. His intense feeling carried everything before it, and had a marked influence in producing a style that is passionate, vivid, rhetorical, sometimes rising to flights of genuine eloquence, and even to sublimity. He delighted to draw strong contrasts, to dwell at length upon his heroes, and to present life-like pictures of their persons and characters. Thus he developed a strong, dramatic, picturesque style.

* Concerning this point, of course, there may be and are more opinions than one. Our view has just been inculcated: "Truth, even at the expense of sentiment." If facts are damaging, so much the worse for the man they damage, and (to paraphrase a famous exclamation of Mill's), if a man is to be damned for telling the truth, to hell he should be willing to go.—ED.

These are his virtues. His works are marred by a partisan spirit that in the end injures his cause, and makes one cautious about accepting his conclusions. In the novel views taken of many of the characters of his period he betrays a mood too emotional and romantic. He is too often the advocate, the special pleader; seldom the calm, impartial, and unprejudiced critic. Another serious charge has been brought against him—that of inaccuracy; an unpardonable fault in the eyes of his contemporaries. One word, the word "reactionary," will characterize Froude, in contrast to the other historians of his generation. He reacted against the trend of thought in religion, scholarship, and philosophy. As a reactionist (with something of the reactionist's bitterness of spirit) he belonged to another generation, and to another school—not to the school of Freeman, Stubbs, Creighton, Gardiner, and Green. His books are valuable and readable, and they will continue to be read, but his conclusions will be modified.

Turning to Freeman, we are at once struck by the fact that his training was not unlike Froude's. Born at Harborne, in Staffordshire, in 1823, he was chosen a Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1841; a Fellow in 1845. Those were years of great agitation in Oxford. Freeman, like Froude, who was there at the same time, was deeply influenced by the Tractarian Movement, but in his case the influence was positive. It is noteworthy, in view of the revival of æsthetics consequent upon the religious revival of those days, that the first four volumes published by Freeman were all on architectural subjects. Throughout his life, he remained deeply interested in architecture, especially in the revival of the Gothic type, and was always archæologist first, historian after. His mode of thought savored of the lecture-room and the University. He was pre-eminently a close, indefatigable, accurate scholar, not a man of the world. More or less

intimately associated with the University all his life, he became Regius Professor of Modern History and Fellow of Oriel College in 1884.

The especial field to which his energies were directed was the influence of the Normans upon the civilization of the world. His *History of the Norman Conquest in England*, in four volumes, was completed in 1872. The great part played by that northern race—" of which he seemed an example and champion,"—in the drama of civilization, led to the study of the Norman conquest of Sicily, and that in turn determined his choice of the whole course of Sicilian history as his great life-work. With genuine philosophical insight he perceived that Sicily was always the pivot of the struggle between Eastern and Western civilization. His determination to write a complete history of the island from the very beginning may be deemed a misfortune, " for had he but given the years which he devoted to the Greek period to that in which he was so easily first, the Norman, we might have been spared the melancholy accident of his death, and we should certainly have what we must now wait long for, if ever we get it as he would have given it to us, an appreciative history of the Norman dynasty of the Two Sicilies." Just as the third volume of *The History of Sicily from the Earliest Times*—describing the Athenian and Carthaginian invasions—issued from the press in 1892, Professor Freeman was attacked by small-pox in Alicante, Spain, and died in the seventieth year of his age. If he had lived to complete the series, this history would have been of intolerable bulk. As far as it goes, it is marked by excessive attention to details, and embodies all the results of most minute and careful archæological research. Freeman had, however, breadth of view, and remarkable power of grasping the fundamental facts of a period. He has left us a *General Sketch of European History*, that for condensation and as a synop-

tic view of the vast subject as a whole can hardly be matched. In it is exemplified his great idea of the Unity of history. All history is a unit, with Rome as its centre. Among all the nations, "it is the Romans," he says, "who form the centre of the story. . . . Through the whole of our sketch we must be ever thinking of Rome, ever looking to Rome, sometimes looking forward to it, sometimes looking back to it, but always having Rome in our mind as the centre of the whole story."

This noble conception of the unity of history results in thoroughness and breadth. With the wider outlook comes a fairer and more catholic temper which does justice to small states and obscure periods, and prepares the way for a philosophy of history. These good qualities, however, have corresponding defects, namely, disproportion and pedantry. Freeman is at times guilty of Matthew Arnold's charge of pedantry,* notably in his crotchet of a "reformed" spelling of proper names. He accepted the charge and counselled his followers "not to be discouraged if your striving after truth is rewarded with the name of pedant." As Froude made use of much new material, introducing the economic conditions of the period he treated, so Freeman greatly widened the scope of historical evidence by a careful study of architecture and archæology. Finally, as to style—the ultimate test of the vitality of all historical works: Freeman's style is precise, documentary, analytic, and dry. It lacks richness, depth, and imagination. It suffers from the very excellence of his scholarship, his conscientiousness and accuracy. Details and digressions interrupt its flow and sometimes obscure the main current of his thought. Like Froude, too, he was controversial, and more pettily disputatious than he. Here, too, it may be that his in-

* "Freeman is an ardent, learned, and honest man, but he is a ferocious pedant, and Stubbs, though not ferocious, is not without his dash of pedantry" (*Letters*, vol. ii., p. 173).

stinct for thoroughness led him astray: he must fain prove his points as he goes, lest he be accused of dogmatizing. On the whole it seems probable that excellence of style will outweigh patient fidelity, and that Froude's writings will take a higher position in literature than Freeman's.

The brightest example of the principles and methods of modern historical study and composition is afforded by the life-work of John Richard Green. How *The Short History of the English People* came to be written may be read in the introduction to that volume—and no story could be more full of pathetic interest. Green was born at Oxford, in December, 1837, and at the age of eight was sent to Magdalen Grammar School. While yet a child, the historical monuments and records with which every street or court of Oxford is crammed seem to have made a deep impression on his sensitive imagination. His interest in "man and man's history" increased with his increasing years until it became the ruling passion and purpose of his life. He received a scholarship in Jesus College at the age of eighteen years, but all through his undergraduate days his thoughts ran more upon historical studies than on passes and honors. His mind was independent, and he developed a thoroughly original method of historical composition. He determined to write the history of the national growth and development of his country; with this purpose in view he read enormously, but books could not give him the information he desired. In fact, no history had ever been written with just his end in view, and the University could not supply him with the necessary materials for his work. So he left its cloisters and went out into the world to learn directly from the school of experience. He took orders in 1860, and for the rest of his short life his days were devoted to historical research in the British Museum and the Lambeth Library, and to parochial

work in Stepney, one of the poorest parishes in East London. He read much, but his widow has told us that "books were not his only source of knowledge. To the last he looked on his London life as having given him his best lessons in history. It was with his churchwardens, his schoolmasters, in vestry meetings, in police-courts, at boards of guardians, in service in chapel or church, in the daily life of the dock laborer, the tradesman, the costermonger, in the summer visitation of cholera, in the winter misery that followed economic changes, that he learnt what the life of the people meant as perhaps no historian had ever learnt it before. Constantly struck down as he was by illness, even the days of sickness were turned to use. Every drive, every railway journey, every town he passed through in brief excursions for health's sake added something to his knowledge." This contact with men in East London—where he did a pioneer's work in the slums—was an admirable corrective to the academic temper of the University. He was unswerving in "his belief that it was the great impulses of national feeling, and not the policy of statesmen, that formed the groundwork and basis of the history of nations, and [in] his certainty that political history could only be made intelligible and just by basing it on social history in its largest sense." His method was sound and original. Architecture, as we have seen, was almost his first incentive to the study of history, and Freeman even did not use the witness of architecture with more telling force. Economic conditions, of which Froude had made some use, he far more thoroughly understood. Literature as the interpreter of an age and science as an index of its progress were both brought under the scrutiny of those eyes which neglected no detail that could throw light on the main subject. He was both accurate and imaginative, analytic and synthetic, and understood in their best sense both the science and

the philosophy of history. He understood the significance of facts. His style is animated, sympathetic, free from prejudice or controversy, dramatic and picturesque.

In conclusion, let us link the subjects of this hasty sketch closely in our memories. They are: James Anthony Froude, 1818–1894; Edward Augustus Freeman, 1823–1892; John Richard Green, 1837–1883. Their dates are memorable, and remind us of a similar relation in the case of the poets, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, who passed from the stage about the time when two of our historians were born. As the circle of Keats's life was included within that of Shelley's, and that in turn within the greater circle of the life of Byron, so the span of Green's life was overlapped at either end by a few years of Freeman's, and he again was outlived and succeeded by his senior rival Froude. Keats lies at the heart and centre of the great poetical movement of his generation. The president of our club has familiarized us with the simile of the Indian box included within a series of many other boxes and containing the jewel of them all; and again he has likened that poetical efflorescence to the expansion of a rose, with its shortest and most perfect life at its very heart. In somewhat the same relation does the author of the *Short History of the English People* stand to his contemporaries, the historian of the Norman Conquest, and the brilliant portrayer of the character of Henry VIII., combining in a judicious and masterly manner some of their best characteristics, and adding qualities of his own.

W. H. DuBose.

IX.

ARNOLD'S CHARACTER AS REVEALED IN HIS CRITICISM.

A MERE glance over the literary world will show the most casual observer that its great need is a competent and healthy criticism. There is no lack of criticism, or what passes for such; every magazine has pages on the latest books, every daily paper rescues a column from its narrative of crimes and sensations and devotes it to criticism of works which the critic has never read and authors of whom he has no knowledge. But over this hubbub of voices there rise the tones of no master; no lion's roar silences the braying of these critical asses.* Yet there never was a time when the voice of a master was more needed,—a pilot who should steer the bark of men's literary appreciation through the flood of books which threatens to inundate us,—a master who, from a vast store of learning and culture and infinite appreciation of the true and beautiful, would fathom for a world busied with other pursuits, but longing for higher things, the beauties of Swinburne's last sigh for the old Greek world, or calculate the orbit of the new comet that has flashed across the English literary heavens, Mr. Francis Thompson.

Some will object: "There cannot always be a master of criticism. There is no great critic to-day just as there

* It is a pity that they do not realize the fact that IN THEIR CRITICISMS CRITICS CRITICISE THEMSELVES: by silence they might avoid exposure.—ED.

is no great poet, no great novelist." It is true, since Tennyson died, we have had to listen to the Jubilee Odes of a new poet-laureate, and since Dickens passed away he has had no worthy successor save Mr. Hardy; but the lull in literary criticism is not only due to the fact that there is no great critic now alive, but also to the fact that the methods of criticism which have obtained are no longer satisfactory. Not only must a great critic arise, but he must also adopt a new method.

The two methods which have been mainly followed may be called the evolutionist and the interpretative method.*

The first looks upon literature as a vast chain; it fastens an author to the past and the future; it shows whom he influenced and who influenced him; it reduces his work to a skeleton well hung together, carefully tabulates it, and puts it into its proper case. This method of criticism is doomed on account of its lack of insight. Masters of literature are not links of a chain, but embodiments and expressions of human nature and life. Matthew Arnold, however, defends the evolutionist method, and says: "For the sake of establishing an author's place in literature and his relation to a central standard (and if this is not done, how are we to get at our best in the world?) criticism may have to deal with a subject-matter so familiar that fresh knowledge is out of the question, and then it must be all judgment; an enunciation and detailed application of principles." Here we see all the wheels and machinery of criticism. But literature cannot be characterized thus mechanically; it belongs to the spiritual part of man and must be interpreted spiritually.

Here accordingly the interpretative school of criticism takes its stand. It reveals the supposed hidden meaning in an author's work. It tells us that the "Endymion"

* Or the objective, historical, realistic, and the subjective, personal, idealistic.—ED.

of Keats is imagination searching for the spirit of beauty —Cynthia representing the beauty of a bygone age; imagination at last discovering the eternal unity of beauty and becoming one with it forever. Such criticism is the allegorical exegesis of literature, and the critic only succeeds in making a valuable elucidation—of himself.

Both of these methods are at fault, and no universal laws can be deduced for literary criticism.*

In this state of critical anarchy, let us turn to the work of the last great representative of criticism, Matthew Arnold. It is on his work in this department that Arnold's fame must rest. His poetry appeals only to the student; it will never influence and mould the taste of even the educated public. What, then, was his character in this regard? There are two essential qualifications of a critic, the moral and the intellectual—that is, disinterestedness and knowledge, honesty and information,—and in Arnold, the professor of morality, the apostle of culture, we expect to find these qualifications paramount. His master was Sainte Beuve, whom he ranks in his special field of criticism among the world's masters, with Shakespeare and Dante. With Sainte Beuve and Goethe as models, he put forth certain dicta which he professed to follow. With the pertinacity of phrasing peculiar to him he declared: "Criticism is a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world"; and again: "Literary criticism is an effort to see the object as in itself it really is"; and yet again: "The great art of criticism is to get oneself out of the way and let humanity decide." Here, indeed, we have the best that has been said on the subject of criticism, and the author of these dicta, if he live up to them, must be the greatest of critics.

Arnold also put forth a famous definition of poetry,

* Rather, each principle, insufficient when taken by itself, needs correction through combination with the other.—ED.

calling it a " criticism of life,"—yet how little of human life did his poetry touch! He might bemoan a friend in stately verse with many a calm and cultured reference, but one scarcely derives thence an impression of genuine sorrow; yet sorrow is the chief portion of human life. Did his work justify his laws of criticism better than his law of poetry ? He sincerely tried to " learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." Culture was his religion, learning his God, and he served it well and would fain have others fall down and worship it. He was an ardent missionary for this religion of his. He possessed a wide knowledge and threw its search-light upon any subject which he had in hand. But according to the inevitable result of the evolutionary method he was somewhat mechanical. By three passages of Homer, three of Dante, two of Shakespeare, and three of Milton, he would judge all poetry. These were touchstones, and he would apply them to all verse. If it fires the soul, if it stirs the faculties which these passages move, if, one is tempted to say, it matches the sample, then it is great poetry; if not, standards of the second class or of the third must be applied until its level be found. Thus Chaucer cannot rank with Dante because his poetry does not come up to the standard of a " simple but perfect single line " of the great Italian.

Another element which poetry as a " criticism of life " must have is " high seriousness." " It is this high seriousness which Homer's criticism of life has; which Dante's has; which Shakespeare's has; and it is this which gives to our spirits what they can rest upon." This resting-place for our spirits Gray has, and he is among our classics, though the frailest of them all. Villon, the voice from the French slums, has it; Burns fails of it, and he is a " beast with splendid gleams."

With these set rules Arnold engaged in the disinterested endeavor to propagate the best that is known and

thought in literature. And disinterested he surely was. He never trimmed the sails of his criticism to the breezes of popular or court favor,—never said the words that would have ingratiated him with Gladstone,—never took advantage of the good will of Beaconsfield. So the favors which he received were forced recognitions of the pre-eminent English man of letters of his day.

Arnold's second rule was to " see the object as in itself it really is." His criticism was essentially realistic. It was for a definite purpose; it was to teach men something, to broaden their point of view, to redeem them from Philistinism—with which title he had branded a stolid, self-satisfied public. He attempted to see the object as it really was, and when the clear light of his intellect was turned upon it, anything false in the estimate which men had put upon it was revealed.

Lord Macaulay had said: " The literature now extant in the English language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together." Upon this statement, Arnold, thoroughly English as he was, turned the fierce light of his European culture, and at the end of one of his most brilliant essays (that on " The Literary Influence of Academies," an essay in which the prose writers of England pass through a crucible of criticism,—in which Ruskin's style is called " Asiatic," and his intelligence and judgment are called " notes of provinciality," and some of Mr. Palgrave's criticisms, " freaks of violence ") he declared " all glorification by ourselves of ourselves or our literature, in the strain of what I quoted from Lord Macaulay, is both vulgar, and besides being vulgar, retarding."

Again: Arnold saw the object as it really was when he estimated the literature of the eighteenth century, and the verse of Dryden, Addison, Pope, and Johnson. It had been said that before them the " sweetness of Eng-

lish verse was never understood or practised by our fathers"; applying his touchstones, he exposed this false estimate and showed that theirs was the poetry only of the builders of an age of prose and reason.

In the application of his third rule he succeeded least, and so fell short of being an ideal critic.

"The great art of criticism is to get oneself out of the way and to let humanity decide." Certainly breadth, openness of mind, and appreciation are indispensable to an authoritative judgment. To judge a subject with heart and mind free from all prejudices, all prepossessions, all pet aversions, is at once the hardest task and the highest reach of criticism. One should never undertake to judge a subject which is wholly antipathetic to him. Sympathy, not antipathy, should be the first ingredient of a well-compounded critic. The poet Gray disliked Johnson, and refused to meet him. Johnson, in his turn, in his life of Gray, disparaged his poetry and failed to do him justice. Arnold said that "Johnson was not by nature fitted to do justice to Gray and his poetry. He was not naturally in sympathy with Gray. This by itself is a sufficient explanation of the deficiencies of his criticism." Arnold himself was in thorough sympathy with the Elegist, whose verse possessed in the highest degree the "high seriousness" which he held indispensable. To get oneself out of the way is the hardest task of a critic, for the utmost that he can do is to tell what an author means to him. Thus to judge by oneself and yet not to be oneself the judge, to bring to a subject great knowledge and infinite capability of being attracted or repelled, to say in what one was attracted or repelled and then to step aside and let humanity decide, —is the test the application of which leaves us so few great critics. And it is here that Matthew Arnold fell short of an ideal standard.

Perhaps it was his nationality that was at fault. We

should hardly expect an Englishman to "get himself out of the way." A Frenchman can do so, and for this reason the French are greater critics than the English. For this reason Arnold was inferior as a critic to his ideal Sainte Beuve. Humanity must be the final judge. It has been well said that "How large a circle of human experience does it describe?" must be the test question concerning the value of any man's criticism.* When all has been said, when all the rules have been laid down, the fact remains that criticism is largely intuitive, and a critic's judgment is of value in proportion as it expresses more or less of the thought and feeling of mankind.

Having thus discussed Arnold's standards and his fidelity to them, let us illustrate by a few examples the results that he reached. When his *Essays in Criticism* appeared they at once attracted marked attention. Such an attempt to bring together representatives of different literatures, to place in juxtaposition many different subjects and to treat them all from a common point of view,—above all, the style in which they were written, hardly disguising the peculiarities of the personality from which it emanated, with its mechanical devices of repetition of phrases and epithets,—its "damnable iteration," as his severer censors styled it,—was new and startling to the literary England of his day. Some of the essays are indeed revelations, and those on Marcus Aurelius, Joubert, Heine, with their able presentation, their fascinating glimpses of those great personalities, their charming sympathy, may well deserve to be called the high-water mark of English criticism. It would be hard also to give too much praise to essays like that on "The Literary Influence of Academies," with its illuminating characterization of English prose writers, or that on "Pagan and Medieval Religious Sentiment," which with its breath

* And Arnold's eyes averted their ken from half, and that the more important half, of human experience, interest, and aspiration.—ED.

from beautiful Greece might alone inculcate a love of classic lyric.

When we leave these essays and come to those dealing with Englishmen and English subjects nearer the author's day, we strike Arnold's greatest limitation. The farther off a subject was the clearer he saw it, the more luminously he treated it; when he touched upon modern English literature, the personal element entered too largely into his criticism. Of modern English poets he most admired Wordsworth; his estimate of him was that he was a greater poet than any in England from Milton down (through Gray, Burns, Coleridge, Scott, Moore, Byron, Shelley, and Keats), and on the Continent, from Lessing down through Schiller and Heine in Germany; through Lamartine, Musset, and Victor Hugo in France. Wordsworth's "body of work," he considered in power, interest, and the qualities which give enduring freshness, superior to theirs. High praise this for the author of "Peter Bell" and the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets,"—but then Wordsworth's poetry has that Arnoldian essential, "high seriousness." The essays on Byron, Shelley, and Keats are more judicial, and have done much to place those poets on their true level. They are perhaps the best critical utterances regarding them, and help to remove the veils with which intense admiration or uncritical censure have enveloped poets who, as Goethe said of Byron, "were too much in the dark about themselves."

When Arnold touched upon authors of his own day, however, his judgments were not as sound.* These judgments are to be found in his *Letters*, which contain some of his most piquant criticisms. Of Heine he said: "I have just finished a German book, a mixture of poems and travelling journal by Heinrich Heine, the most famous of the young literary set. He has a good deal of

* And the relative soundness of one's estimate of contemporaries is the ultimate test of critical power.—ED.

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power, though more trick; however, he has thoroughly disgusted me. The Byronism of a German, of a man trying to be gloomy, cynical, impassioned . . . with their total want of experience of the kind that Lord Byron, an English peer, with access everywhere, possessed, is the most ridiculous thing in the world." Yet his *ex cathedra* utterances on this same Heine were very different, and formed his most brilliant essay. His fellow-critic, William Rossetti, he called " an ingenious youth who used to write articles in a defunct review." Of Bulwer he wrote: " *My Novel* I have just finished. I have read it with great pleasure, though Bulwer's nature is by no means a perfect one either, which makes itself felt in his book; but his gush, his better humor, his abundant materials, and his mellowed constructive skill,—all these are great things." * With prophetic instinct he said of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, then Head Master of Rugby, " Dr. Temple is the one man who may do something of the same work my father did."

The conceit with which Arnold has been charged shows plainly in some of his criticisms. Comparing himself to Renan he said: " Renan tends to inculcate morality upon the French nation as what they most want, while I tend to inculcate intelligence upon the English nation as what they most want." And this high opinion of himself always kept him from doing justice to his great contemporary, the late poet-laureate. " The fault I find with Tennyson in his *Idylls of the King* is that the peculiar charm and aroma of the Middle Age he does not give in them. There is something magical about it, and I will do something with it before I have done. The real truth is that Tennyson, with all his temperament and artistic skill, is deficient in intellectual power. . . . Is it possible for one who has himself published verses to print

* He wrote of him later as " a strange mixture of what is really romantic and interesting with what is tawdry and gimcracky."—Ed.

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a criticism on Tennyson in which perfect freedom shall be used? . . . I do not think Tennyson a great and powerful spirit in any line . . . as Goethe was in the line of modern thought, Wordsworth in that of contemplation, Byron even in that of passion; and unless a poet . . . is that, my interest in him is only slight, and my conviction that he will not finally stand high is firm."

He showed his greatest weakness as a critic in his judgment of Mrs. Browning, saying: "I regard her as hopelessly confirmed in her aberration from health, nature, beauty, and truth." Here can be said of him what he said in regard to Johnson's criticism of Gray; Arnold was not by nature fitted to do justice to Mrs. Browning, for he was not naturally in sympathy with her.* It is limitations like this which prove that he fell short of a perfectly satisfactory criticism.

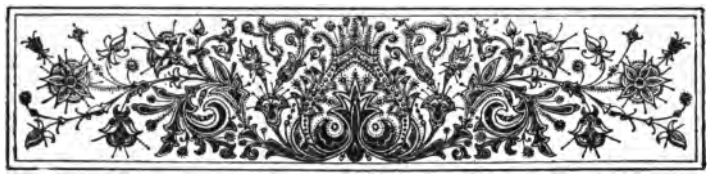
In conclusion, let us look for a moment at his judgment of his own poems. "My poems," he said, "represent the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions which reflect it. It might be fairly urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson and less intellectual vigor and abundance than Browning; yet because I have perhaps more of a fusion of the two than

* The opinion of a spiritualist held by an agnostic has the nature and value of that held of a fowl of the air by a fish in the sea: it is simply out of range. Arnold had disqualified himself for judging in the case: correlating this with other opinions of his elder contemporaries—for example, Carlyle and Ruskin,—his most serious shortcoming as a critic is revealed as the outcome of reactionary prejudice against the ideas of the generation in which he grew up. The aberration of his whole critical school is hereby made manifest: it is impotent in the interpretation of the spiritual and ideal, the mystical and supernatural in literature. Truly, it is a costly error to forget that "in their criticisms critics criticise themselves."—ED.

either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn as they have had theirs." Again: "I dined with the Bishop of Derry. . . . I could not refuse a man who told me that my poems were the centre of his mental life, and that he had read many of them hundreds of times." Arnold had here that sympathy with his subject which he lacked in the case of Mrs. Browning.

In spite of all the limitations that have been pointed out, in spite of the personal element which he could not eliminate from some of his criticisms,—the prejudices sometimes, the favoritism often,—Matthew Arnold is the master spirit in the literature of the years that have just passed.

H. J. MIKELL.



X.

LORD LEIGHTON AND THE LATE COURSE OF ENGLISH ART.

AROUND Lord Leighton, a man eminently fitted by birth, culture, and genius for the high position he was called to fill, it is proposed to group a few representatives of modern English art, especially those whose names were mentioned as worthy to succeed his in the Presidency of the Royal Academy. This Academy, of which we hear so much, was founded in the year 1768 by his Majesty George III. It numbered thirty members, two of whom were women—Angelica Kaufmann and Mary Moser. Sir Joshua Reynolds was its first President.* Its present home is known as Burlington House; there the fate of artistic aspirants is decided. Its Presidency is one of the honors of the realm of Great Britain. Of the qualifications of its incumbent, Mr. Frederick Wedmore says: "Most certainly he is not bound to be a great painter in a great style. He is not bound to be an artist whose claim to the Ideal consists, in chief, in a plentiful lack of appreciation of the Real. It is enough if he paints something greatly—be it Olym-

* Reynolds was succeeded by an American, Benjamin West, he, in 1820, by the elegant portrait-painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and he by another portrait-painter, not so famous, Sir Martin Archer Shee, an Irishman, who was succeeded, in 1850, by the learned Sir Charles Eastlake, and he by a Scotchman, the polished gentleman and portrait-painter, Sir Francis Grant, upon whose death, in 1878, Leighton was elected, becoming thus the seventh President of the Academy.—ED.

pian gods or a dish of fruit. And if it may fairly be asked of him that he should represent in some measure the taste of his time, . . . may there not be the yet more important demand, 'Is the man a great gentleman?' [how un-American!] 'an artist, not perhaps of extraordinary achievement, but of comprehensive view? . . . a leader of men, just and conciliatory, with manner bland and yet decisive?'—complicated by such a consideration as this: 'In the world of society will the man do?'—for he has to do there as well as in the world of the studio."

His advanced age alone stood in the way of the election of Mr. George Frederick Watts to the Presidency in 1896. In him we find the philosophic and mystical painter. He is both poet and moralist, and something of the prophet, penetrated by ideal and spiritual beauty,—but on the whole a painter of righteousness rather than of religion. His subjects are steeped in mystery; many of his canvases bear such titles as *Death the Consoler*, *Love and Death*, etc. They are marked by purity and wide range of color. He may be loosely affiliated to the Pre-Raphaelites. Far more closely related to them stands Sir Edward Burne-Jones; it is he who makes the work of "the Brotherhood" a live thing to-day. Rossetti was one of his earliest friends and his first master. He was also on friendly terms with the late William Morris and with Mr. Swinburne—one of whose early and very characteristic poems—"Laus Veneris"—gave the title to one of his pictures. He has had a prosperous career, has been honored with a degree, a decoration, and a baronetcy, and is quite popular and successful enough to be independent of the Academy and the criticisms "morbid" and "archaic" with which some still greet an exhibition of his pictures.

It is needless to say more about Pre-Raphaelitism, for it was one of our subjects in a previous term of study,

and the famous brotherhood is a thing of the past; but it seemed well to remind the Club, by an example or two, that its spirit has not passed away. Its aims were high and its influence has been lasting; in fact, it must be kept continually in mind as the background of our present subject; there is hardly an artist to be mentioned who has not been affected by it either positively or negatively.

Frederick Leighton was born at Scarborough in the year 1830. His father was a physician, and both his parents were people of cultivated tastes. When he was about ten years of age, the delicacy of his mother's health caused the family to move to Rome, and there he was taught drawing by Signor Meli. Later, his parents went to Dresden and Berlin, where he was admitted to the Academy. In 1843, at the age of thirteen, he was sent to school at Frankfort, and the following winter the family visited Florence, where his future career was decided upon. His father was willing that he should devote himself to art if it appeared that he would attain distinction in that profession; for a decision of the weighty question he took the lad and some of his sketches to the American sculptor, Mr. Hiram Powers, then resident in Rome. To Dr. Leighton's question, "Shall I try to make an artist of him?" Mr. Powers replied: "Sir, *you* have no choice in the matter; nature has decided for you."

Now fairly launched, young Leighton studied anatomy for a short time in Florence, but soon returned to Frankfort and visited Brussels and Paris, copying in the galleries, but under no direct instruction until his return to Frankfort, when he settled down to serious work under Edward Steinle. This artist belonged to the school of Overbeck, or the Christian or Gothic movement in German art, which anticipated and in some degree corresponded to the Romantic movement in France, as

represented by Ary Scheffer, and the Pre-Raphaelite in England.

This hasty summary of Leighton's career down to his twentieth year brings out the fact of his extraordinary culture. At an age when few have begun their travels, he was acquainted with many lands and many tongues, and had met many distinguished men. He himself was distinguished both in appearance and manner.

Although he spent many years in Germany, surrounded by native art, and his only direct teaching was received from German artists, " he could never be made to see beauty through German eyes." His soul was imbued with the classic beauty of the ancient Greeks,—a beauty instinct with grace, elegance, dignity, and nobility,—and these qualities passed into his own art. It cannot be said that he was ever greatly influenced by any artist of his own land, or indeed any one artist. He was widely read on all subjects pertaining to his profession, as his admirable lectures before the students of the Royal Academy testify, and responded, no doubt, to the influence of the Italian Renascence and foreign art of later date generally, but certainly he was never swept away by the Pre-Raphaelite movement, as was his successor in the President's chair. It seems strange that Thackeray should have foreseen the succession of Leighton and Millais in that position as long ago as 1853. He had met the former in Rome that year and gave " the warning word to his friend John Millais, ' I have met in Rome a versatile young dog named Leighton, who will run you hard for the Presidentship one day,' "—and so he did—and outran him.

One of Leighton's earliest pictures was *Giotto Found by Cimabue among the Sheep*, and considering his youth at the time (he was only seventeen), it was a work of rare promise. In 1855 he sent home the painting that won him name and fame in his native land, *Cimabue's*

Triumph. It was hung on the walls of Burlington House, and became eventually the property of her Majesty the Queen. To quote from one who knew the artist personally and was at the exhibition: "At this time the public mind was so absorbed by the works of the Pre-Raphaelites that to divert their attention to a picture in a new and different style was no easy part—yet Leighton's procession did more than this; it created a sensation of its own. Its size alone compelled attention; it occupied nearly the whole side of one of the rooms, and was hung on the line,—an honor to a young and quite unknown artist which could not be ignored,—and it was unlike anything which the British public had ever seen. When it was examined, surprise gave way to admiration at its stately arrangement of beautiful forms, and its strange, rich beauty of color. Even Ruskin, the champion of Pre-Raphaelitism, praised it, and many of those who demanded a deeper moral significance, a stronger subjective expression, in a work of art, and who sneered at it as a 'mere pageant,' and 'only decorative!' were impressed; while others went home possessed with a new and inexplicable joy." In 1864 he produced a work that may be said to have definitively "announced Leighton,"—his masterpiece (it has even been called the greatest picture of the century), in which his Greek classic and Raphaelite proclivities were consummately displayed,—*The Daphnephoria*, or nonennial Theban procession of the Laurel Bough. It is a nobly beautiful composition, and exquisitely reveals its creator's peculiar virtue—the representation of graceful human figures in rhythmic motion. Mr. Holman Hunt (who alone remains strictly faithful to the principles of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, enunciated half a century ago) has praised this picture, so different in style from his own, in terms the most generous and sincere. In 1866 the *Syracusan Bride* secured our hero's associateship with the Royal

Academy, and the following year *St. Jerome in the Desert* caused him to be elected a full member. The height of his popularity was reached in 1871, when he exhibited his *Hercules Wrestling with Death for the Body of Alcestis.* To this picture was paid the compliment of a reference in the " Balaustion's Adventure " of Robert Browning—a poet who was thoroughly familiar with the spirit and the history of art. *The Summer Moon,* one of our artist's most admired compositions, in which he exhibited his remarkable power of representing utter repose and languor, was sent to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, and excited evident enthusiasm. He painted only a few portraits, among them one of Captain Burton, the celebrated traveller, and one of himself, executed for the Uffizi.

In 1878 he proved the most eligible among all the painters of England for the headship of the Royal Academy. He was knighted the same year. He deserves to rank among the greatest in the Presidential line; " not necessarily one of the greatest artists, for Sir Joshua painted better; and Sir Thomas Lawrence was the smarter courtier; but as the standard-bearer of the arts, and as an administrator, Sir Frederick Leighton has compelled the admiration of the world." He was thoroughly a man of the world, a strong and wise man, with a consistent and sensible policy; kindly too, and ever ready to help his needy brethren of the brush. " Though a conservative in art as in politics, he knew a good artist when he saw him, and the sight made him glad,"—and such always received courteous recognition from the catholic-minded President, in spite of any difference in methods.

Sir Frederick painted in all some seventy pictures, not counting many fine sketches in oils. He has also left us several essays in sculpture—and his *Hercules and the Python* justifies Mr. Powers's conviction that " he might

be as eminent as he chose in more lines than one." Furthermore, he tried his hand at mural decoration, and produced the two fine frescos in the Kensington Museum, *The Arts of War* and *The Arts of Peace*, which give evidence of mastery of the medium.

This sketch, cursory as it must needs be, would yet be sadly inadequate did we not say something about our artist's methods and principles. He was accustomed to think out his entire design before putting brush to canvas, and, having come to a decision, he never varied from it in the least during the execution. He would sometimes even model in clay the principal figures in his composition, and over them arrange his draperies with the utmost fastidiousness. His palette was usually set with secondary rather than primary colors—with rare tints, such as plum, saffron, amber, olive, cinnamon, pink, crimson, and purple.

He held that artistic production springs from and appeals to æsthetic and not ethical impulse or emotion. The language of art, he used to say, is not the appropriate vehicle of moral truths; it must address the faculty of æsthetic emotion. The character of an artist is undoubtedly stamped on his work, and his moral advance or decline will be faithfully reflected in it.

Leighton's works exhibit " a fastidious, faultless elegance, a profound sentiment of loveliness of color, a classic purity of form, a sense of beauty . . . that leans rather to the graceful than the strong. . . . Neither pathos nor passion was his forte. His pictures are poems, Italian sonnets in their finish and sweetness." Mr. Ruskin writes: " It is with extreme gratitude and unqualified admiration that I find Sir Frederick condescending from the majesties of Olympus to paint for us, with a soft charm peculiarly his own, the witchcraft and wonderfulness of childhood."

This inadequate sketch of a refined and gracious per-

sonality cannot be more fitly closed than with the feeling
word[illegible]e who knew him well, and to whom the writer
i[illegible]ny suggestions, Mr. Cosmo Monk-
[illegible]nd honored Sir Frederick Leighton
. striving still to reach some
though conscious, like his own
[illegible]when the loftiest of all is
deal is as unattainable as

elevated to the peerage—the
hig[illegible]ver conferred upon a man, in
Engla[illegible] sake—when he died, toward
the end[illegible] His body lies in the crypt of
St. Pau[illegible]ne dust of Benjamin West and
Sir Chri[illegible]at his side, and Turner's at his
feet.

It see[illegible]ollow an account of the great
President[illegible]w words about his successor,
whose reign[illegible]months hardly allowed one to
judge of his q[illegible]ead of the Royal Academy.
As an artist Mil[illegible] high. He was much admired
by his fellow-co[illegible] though many thought him
too sweet to be g[illegible]l all deplored a decline that
made him at last to[illegible]r the guineas, and indifferent
about giving his bes[illegible]work. "When will painters
learn that lesson tau[illegible]ne old Greek myth of the
dart-bearing Atalanta,[illegible]ace may be lost by stooping
to pick up golden apples?"

The Club knows already of the part John Everett Millais played in the Pre-Raphaelite movement—in that Brotherhood whose motto was "Truth." His pictures belonging to this period were: *The Huguenot Lover* (1852), which brought one hundred and fifty pounds sterling,—and when its fortunate possessor had made thousands by it, he paid Millais an additional fifty; *Ophelia*, *The Order of Release*, *The Proscribed Royalists*, and in 1856, *Autumn*

Leaves: " ruddy, meditative children around a bonfire, its smoke trailing across the evening sky; its figures in the sadness, not the gloom, of shadow." This picture proved an inspiration to many artists; its influence may be traced in Frederick Walker's *Gypsies.* Soon after, *The Vale of Rest*—an actual scene in France: nuns in a convent garden digging a grave—closed the list of his poetic paintings. There followed a number of popular subjects that betrayed his desertion of the Pre-Raphaelite ranks. About the year 1870 his range was widened by a triumphant experiment in the nude and by successful essays in the lower but more popular art of landscape: *Chill October, Flowing to the River, Flowing to the Sea, The Fringe of the Moor.* It is said that while making studies for this latter picture, Millais was accosted by a critical native of the neighborhood: " The painter was making a study of reeds by the side of the river Tay, when a voice came over his shoulder: ' Hey, mann! did ye ever use photography ? ' ' No, never,' was the reply. The voice continued; ' Ye-e-s, I suppose so,' said the absorbed artist. ' And it 's a deal liker the place! ' was the startling rejoinder." Millais was stung by another Scotchman, whose sharp tongue spared few. After a visit to his luxurious residence in London, with its beautiful marbles, rich upholstery and decorations, Carlyle broke out: " Has *paint* done all this ? " " Yes," said Millais, simply. " Then," muttered the cynic philosopher, " there must be more fools in the world than I thought,"—a keen thrust at his pot-boiling work in portraiture. It is hard to forgive the pretty ladies and fashionable society women to whom his time and art were sacrificed—but we must forgive him much for the sake of such fine works as *The Northwest Passage* and *The Ornithologist.* The old sailor of the *Passage* was Trelawney, Shelley's and Byron's friend; the invalid ornithologist, the engraver Barlow. Among his best

portraits are those of John Bright and Lord Salisbury, and a " worthy vision of the pearl- and rose-colored complexion, silver hair, and serene eyes of Cardinal Newman."

Sir Frederick Leighton " painted always with the Greek or pre-Christian feeling, aiming at the beauty shown through the physiognomy of the whole figure, neglecting facial expression,"—which chiefly appealed to Millais. To sum up: Millais was " a realist, a man with a rare hold on the modern world, and an interpreter of modern character,—no old-world dreams,—no drawing his inspiration from the past; Millais' painting mirrors the life of his own generation."

These two artists with whom we have just dealt will stand together, without doubt, as the chief representatives of British art in our generation. It only remains to indicate, very briefly, the lines pursued by their (generally slightly younger) contemporaries.

In 1836 were born Messrs. Edward John Poynter and Laurence Alma-Tadema, and in or about 1840, Frederick Walker, Albert Moore, and Mr. Briton Riviere. About 1870, accordingly, they began to influence the art of their time. Their names bring into prominent relief the fact that the dominant tendency of English art in our day has been *classic* as contrasted with the religious and romantic leanings of former time. Albert Moore might be called a pendant, a grace-note, to Leighton, like whom he was a devotee of Grecian beauty, charmed by classic contours and draperies. He was essentially a designer, his virtue lying in pure line, and was rather an illustrator than a painter, elaborating decorative schemes of color that are almost always pleasing. In *Sea Shells* and *Sea Gulls* the color harmonies run through a scale of pale green, yellow, and white. Moore was so particular about keeping his color pure that he is said to have used over two hundred brushes while painting a single picture —which would seem rather to indicate an impressionist's

palette. Like Leighton, too, he could portray graceful, indolent poise, relaxation, and rapid movement. The latter feature is charmingly exemplified in his *Follow my Leader*—in which the effect is heightened by a row of young trees that lean in an opposite direction from the figures. How wonderfully Sir Frederick gave us an impression of motion without the aid of such devices!

It is Mr. Alma-Tadema who "paints blue sky, blue sea, and marble benches"—and, let us add, glossy green laurel—"as no other artist ever painted them." He is a native of the quaint old Dutch province of Friesland, and passed the first thirty-four years of his life in that land, marrying one of his own countrywomen. One of his daughters is an artist of merit. After the death of his wife, he removed to England, where he married again. He became erelong a Royal Academician, and now ranks high among the painters of his adopted country. He was even mentioned as a possible successor to Sir John Millais in the Presidency, but his foreign birth proved a disqualification. Some one has said that "Sir Frederick Leighton aims at presenting ideal classic beauty, but Mr. Tadema is content to infuse life and spirit into the scenes and events of long ago."

Mr. Briton Riviere is an artist by lineal descent, both his father and grandfather having been pupils of the Royal Academy:—no anxious thought in his case as to "what the boy should be"! He was as precocious as the young Millais, making clever drawings of animals' heads at the age of seven, exhibiting pictures at the British Institute when only eleven years old, and at Burlington House when he had reached the mature age of seventeen. We recollect that *Cimabue among the Sheep* was also painted at that age. Mr. Riviere was drawn for a season into the eddy of Pre-Raphaelitism, but soon emerged, following the line his early tastes had marked out for him, and which he has made so peculiarly his

own that he may be called the prince of English animal-painters. He is particularly fond of picturing lions prowling among the ruins of a pre-classic past. Some regard as his masterpiece his *Daniel in the Den of Lions* —the prophet facing a group of seven ferocious beasts,— while others award the palm to the grand *Ruins of Persepolis*—an illustration of a couplet in the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam:

> " They say the lion and the lizard keep
> The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep."

With Mr. Riviere we pass from the classic, archæological school of Leighton, Moore, and Alma-Tadema to that in which Millais was master, which draws its subjects from nature and modern times: to a group of animal-, landscape-, and marine-painters, and painters of historical and modern *genre.* In this group no British artist of latter days has been more significant than Frederick Walker. Like Millais, he was indebted for his art career to the intelligent sympathy of his mother. In early youth he was deeply, and we may say permanently, influenced by the Elgin marbles; yet his art at its inception was more or less a product of the Pre-Raphaelite movement as represented by Millais. Thus it exhibits in an interesting way the composite culture of the hour. In 1867 he visited Paris. Jean François Millet was superbly represented in the Salon that year by no fewer than eight of his finest canvases; and Walker's *Mushroom Gatherers,* produced the year following, justifies the inference that he was profoundly influenced by what he saw of the great Frenchman's work. Henceforth he labored to substitute for that sentimental subject-painting, so popular with the British masses, a species of imaginative realism, natural in color and national in spirit. In 1875 the world of art was called to lament his untimely death, at the age of thirty-five years.

As a representative marine-painter of the time we have Mr. James Clarke Hook, mention of whom could not be omitted among these slight notices. He may well be called "The Grand Old Man" of the brush—for he is old enough to have been encouraged by Constable, who died sixty years ago. At first he studied the Elgin marbles, was entered as a student of the Royal Academy, and succeeded in carrying off the "blue-ribbon" prize of a travelling scholarship, on the strength of which he went to Italy, and for some time painted scenes suggested by the history and literature of that fairest of lands. Upon his return to England, he made the artistic discovery of Clovelly, the quaint old North Devon fishing village celebrated by Charles Kingsley as "the most beautiful place in the world." The result of his visit there, in 1854, was to reveal his true bent, and since then he has confined himself almost entirely to *sea-scapes* or "Hook-scapes," as some one has called them, and scenes of fisher-folk life; and on these his fame as a painter will rest.*

In the lines of social and domestic *genre*, Mr. Luke Fildes demands notice as the painter of the most popular pictures of the years 1874 and 1891 respectively: *Applicants for Admission to a Casual Ward* and *The Doctor*. In these he struck a tragically pathetic note, remarkable because of its rarity. Judged by the work of his contemporaries, London might seem to be Athens or Arcadia, and the social question to be restricted to Kamschatka. This aloofness from the burning questions of the hour is certainly a weakness, and gives to English art the appearance of an exotic.

Mr. Fildes' name was suggested for the Presidency of the Academy, at the time of Millais' death, as was also

* Here, no doubt, should be mentioned the names of Mr. Birket Foster in landscape, Mr. William Quiller Orchardson in portraiture, Mr. George Henry Boughton in seventeenth-century, and Mr. Marcus Stone in dilettante eighteenth-century, *genre*.—ED.

Mr. Hubert Herkomer's. As in an instance above noted, the foreign birth of the latter (Mr. Herkomer is a native of Bavaria) led to an abandonment of the idea. It is easy to divine Mr. Fildes' disqualification; he is too thoroughly a man of the people. It is a comment on the widespread and growing conviction that, though modern English art is alive, it is showing, unfortunately, an inspiration drawn rather from without than within.

The successful candidate for the position left vacant by Leighton and Millais, was, as all the world knows, Sir Edward J. Poynter. He possesses all the qualifications for the President's chair enumerated by Mr. Wedmore, and quoted at the beginning of this paper. It was as far back as 1854 that Mr. Poynter met Leighton, then studying in Rome, and was persuaded by him to devote his attention to the human figure rather than to landscape. The influence of that advice upon his after career cannot be over-estimated. It has been said: "The art of both these men is decorative rather than realistic. Leighton worshipped Raphael and Botticelli, while Poynter bends the knee to Michael Angelo." On his return to Paris, he entered the studio of Gleyre (so vividly described in *Trilby*). He made his first contribution to an Academy Exhibition in 1861. He has painted, all told, some eighty canvases, mostly on literary subjects. He has been accused of lack of humanity—because he would not treat of the domestic—that theme so precious to the average British mind; which makes the Briton so *sure* that Millais is a great artist. Opinions are divided whether *Israel in Egypt* or *Atalanta's Race* is Mr. Poynter's greatest production; both display, not genius but much talent—the artist of reason and culture rather than of feeling; the Academician, in a word. He needs the catholicity of Leighton to raise him to the unquestioned leadership of English art.

MARIE HUGER.

XI.

MR. MEREDITH'S *DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS.*

THE above has been singled out for our particular study because it is considered to be its author's most popular, most representative novel.

The question has been asked: "Why are Mr. Meredith's novels distasteful to so many intelligent readers?" —and we are sorely put to it for an answer. His style, though unusual, with its epigrammatic sentences and odd phrases, is not displeasing. He uses words not found in the dictionary (though "somnivolent" is a good Latin word), and expressions that are anything but commonplace. How graceful and charming his heroine may have actually appeared, "darting on a trip of little runs, both hands out, all her face one tender sparkle of a smile," is perhaps open to question. Yet with many possible defects such as these he might have told a more attractive story. Perhaps the explanation may be that he fails to lose himself in his characters: "George Meredith" is written large over every page.

It is only in his descriptions of nature that we forget who is describing. The clear, cold morning, the icy mountain stream, the gloomy night, call forth his best work. There seems to be no summer in Diana's year; a touch of spring—the rest all autumn and winter—like her life.

A good example of Mr. Merdith's prose style and also of his power of vivid description is the account of the night spent at Paris:

"Hard by their inn, close enough for a priestly homily to have been audible, stood a church campanile, wherein hung a Bell, not ostensibly communicating with the demons of the pit; in daylight rather a merry comrade. But at night, when the children of nerves lay stretched, he threw off the mask. As soon as they had fairly nestled he smote their pillows a shattering blow, loud for the retold preluding quarters, incredibly clanging the number ten. Then he waited for neighboring campanili to box the ears of slumber's votaries in turn, whereupon under pretense of excessive conscientiousness, or else oblivious of his antecedent damnable misconduct, or perhaps in actual league and trap-door conspiracy with the surging goblin hosts beneath us, he resumed his blaring strokes, a sonorous recapitulation of the number; all the others likewise. It was an alarm fit to warn off Attila or Alaric; and not simply the maniacal noise invaded the fruitful provinces of sleep like Hun and Vandal, the irrational repetition plowed the minds of these unhappy somnivolents, leaving them worse than sheared by barbarians, disrupt, as by earthquake, with the unanswerable question to Providence, Why?—Why twice?

"They were unaware of his religious obligation, following the hour of the district, to inform them of the tardy hour of Rome. Every resonant quarter was anticipated up to the blow, without averting its murderous abruptness; and an executioner Midnight that sounded, in addition to the reiterated quarters, four and twenty ringing hammer strokes with the aching pause between the twelves, left them the prey of legions of torturers which are summed though not described in a sleepless night.

"From that period the curse was milder, but the victims raged. They swam on vasty deeps, they knocked at rusty gates, they shouldered all the weapons of black Insomnia's armory and became her soldiery, doing her will upon themselves. Of her originally sprung the in-

spired teaching of the doom of men to excruciation in endlessness. She is the fountain of the infinite ocean whereon the exceedingly sensitive soul is tumbled everlastingly, with the diversion of hot pincers to appease its appetite for change."

In describing his characters, Mr. Meredith goes less into detail; he does not paint, he sketches; he does not tell us the color of eyes and hair, but in a few words sets a figure before us. We can see, at the brilliant ball in the Irish capital, the dashing, attractive girl, the elderly but vigorous and gallant general, and all the lesser lights.

Mr. Meredith is a champion of women; "not the humbly knitting housewife unquestionably worshipful of her lord," as one of his reviewers has it, but the woman who longs to break the fetters imposed on her by social conventions. His programme is truly democratic—the equality of the sexes. He sets his heroine voyaging on unknown seas, with the oft-repeated result—an unseen rock—a crash. He gives her abundant health and spirits, pride of a certain kind, plenty of Irish wit, an impulsive temperament—though warm-hearted, she is incapable of lasting affection—and withal a stoical disposition that enables her to go without flinching through the series of trials imposed on her by her hasty marriage. Her purposed flight to Ireland or America shows daring and disregard of consequences, but not moral courage.

In complete contrast to Diana, he depicts a woman who, though weak in body and "perpetually in the antechamber of death," possesses her soul in sunny patience, and exhibits the strong and tender love of an elder for a younger woman. Never a creature of impulse, she undertakes fatiguing trips and suffers sleepless nights for the sake of her beloved "Tony."

In Mrs. Cramborne Wathin, wife of a "potent sergeant-at-law fast mounting to the bar and knighthood," we have the virtuous lady, "whose appearance and princi-

ples fitted her to stand for the Puritan rich of the period, emerging by the aid of an extending wealth into luxurious worldliness, and retaining the maxims of their forefathers for the discipline of the poor and erring." * No description of her appearance is afforded—but do we not see her, prim and stately, and well disposed to give a downward push to an already falling fellow-mortal?

Of the servant class and its quite human ways our author gives a glimpse on occasion of one of Diana's visits to Copsley; her maid reports what goes on below stairs:

"They read all the vilest of the town papers, and put their two and two together of what is happening in and about. And not one of the footmen thinks of staying—because it 's so dull, and they and the maids object—did one ever hear?—to the upper three retiring, when they 're done dining, to the private room for dessert. . . . Foster carries the decanter, ma'am, and Mrs. Bridges the biscuit, and Bartlett the plate of fruit, and they march out in order."

Taking the principal actors in this drama and grouping them, we have Diana as the central figure, attracting all and by her very attractiveness bringing upon herself annoyances from vulgar men. At her right, on the one hand, we have Lady Dunstane, whose influence over our wayward heroine is always for the best. This is made evident at a supreme crisis—for when Diana decides on a dangerous course of action, she goes in her trouble, not to her friend, who, she knows, will persuade her against her inclination, but to her old home, to pass a lonely night. Lady Dunstane, then, is her good angel—as Redworth might have been, had he not felt that without a large income he was not justified in offering himself to her. It is he who appears just in time to save her from taking a fatal step, by inducing her to return to her

* A merciless exposure of the dissenting Philistine and Pharisee,—a type of character that was Arnold's chief aversion.—ED.

suffering friend. With these may be classed, as one of the uplifting influences, Lord Dannisburgh, who, though as a man of the world he should have realized how his friendship was compromising her, helps her for a time to be herself. At Diana's left, on the other hand, we have the contemptible Sir Lukin Dunstane, who should have protected her for his invalid wife's sake, but whose conduct hurries her into marriage, for protection, with a man whom she despises and with whom she cannot live. Lowest in the scale of the downward influences we place the Honorable Member of Parliament who, after regarding her curiously for a time, becomes so desperately infatuated as to disclose state secrets to her. When he finds that he has been betrayed, his pride reacts, his passion grows cold, and he marries, leaving her to recover from the shock as best she may.

Diana's is a somewhat contradictory character. It is hard for us to discover the consistency between the undeveloped girl of eighteen years and the mature woman of twenty, who faces the world in full cry against her, supports herself by writing successful novels, betrays her lover to his political enemies, and, without pride to uphold her when he finally abandons her, yet develops a determination to starve and freeze herself to death.

That closing scene, and not that only but several situations as well, may be original and dramatic,—but such improbability can never please. In many an incident our author fails, as he often fails, in natural humor, and—notably in the scene just mentioned—in pathos also, through too much inventiveness, too much study; one feels a want of reality, of natural inevitableness.

And now, though we have finished our review, we are apparently as far as ever from a satisfactory solution of the question with which we started,—for if Diana had married Redworth all would have gone happily,—but we should have had no story. ALICE WITMAN.

XII.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S *MARCELLA*.

IN considering *Marcella*, we take it as a cameo, without connection with its author's previous works, or its sequel, *Sir George Tressady*. In our studies this year we have dwelt much upon evolution in many lines of thought; and it would be of interest to those in thorough sympathy with Mrs. Ward to trace the evolution of her views from the time when she wrote *Robert Elsmere* up to the creation of such a character as Marcella. And yet Marcella is not a creation of Mrs. Ward's. She lived before, she lives now. Mrs. Ward merely saw her in a vision and told us of her. Some might feel inclined to find fault with her character as formed without due regard to heredity; but we feel instinctively that she must have been just as she was, and begin to try to account for her by atavism, just as we would in the case of any actual character, reasoning thus: From such a father and such a mother—What? From such a grandfather?—Yes. Then from the closed bud of her unpromising childhood, blighted by the lack of warm mother-love and care,—that mother's almost unnatural reserve and fortitude caused by the bitter frost of the father's crime,—could she bloom out into such a woman, "formed in the prodigality of nature," unsuspicious, altruistic, ardent, loving, flowering into tropical bloom with no mark of the deforming effects of her childhood's environment? We only know that she did so and that so we accept her.

This evolution from a black-browed, brooding, savage childhood into a tender, impressionable maidenhood is not new in fiction or reality,—as witness George Eliot's Maggie Tulliver in fiction, and in real life Amelie Rives. Marcella's self-conscious posing, love of display, and wish to have the power to play the Lady Bountiful were qualities of a perfectly natural character; but underlying these was the undisciplined but intense altruism of her nature,—the noble wish to help to lift the burden of poverty, suffering, and wrong from her brothers and sisters of the submerged multitude. The great Social Question, unanswered and ignored by the past, the problem of the present, and, if unsolved, the fearful menace of the future,—what wonder if in trying to grasp such a burden, far too great for her feeble woman's hands, she made failures? Her connection with the society of the Venturists in London, at the formative period of her career, giving her great but dangerous purposes to dwell upon, was the determining influence of her life. Its accompanying weakness—her love of display—was only the girlish element in her character. With what consummate power has her biographer illustrated the impossibility of a woman's ever being able to grasp the idea of abstract justice,—by the scene of Marcella's advocacy of Jim Hurd, who killed the gamekeeper! With all of woman's added powers at this end of the century, few of us can picture her as wearing the judicial ermine.

Americans can appreciate far better than average Englishmen Marcella's ideas on the subject of the game laws and other kindred English abominations, and, much as the statement might shock Mrs. Ward, it is a fact that in many aspects of her character Marcella is an American of Americans.

Mrs. Ward seems to prefer to draw her heroes from among middle-aged, mature men of repressed natures, who have outlived their early enthusiasms. In spite of

her evident admiration of Aldous Raeburn, we scarcely wonder that her heroine felt no overpowering passion for him, either first or last, and that calm approval of his goodness was the prevailing sentiment when she finally accepted him. The reader cannot help being disappointed at this *dénoûment*. When we read fiction we feel defrauded if we do not find some transfiguration of nature by the divine passion of youthful love—but for this Mrs. Ward, no doubt, considers herself too much of a realist; certainly in *Marcella* she attempts nothing of the kind.

In the picture of Marcella's life in London we see something unusual—a pure socialist undergoing the humiliations and labors of a nursing sister. We are familiar with pictures of socialist women working as organizers in the cause they have espoused, risking their lives, killing the woman's pity in their hearts, giving their very souls to plan and carry out the terrorist programme of a Nihilist junta; and are also familiar with the Sister of Charity who does Marcella's work,—only in her case the motive power is the love of the cross she clasps. No cross is in Marcella's hand, no faith is in her heart, not even that of the fair Antigone; and we do not wonder that the superstructure without foundation soon gives way,—that the inverted pyramid of trivial yet heavy duties poised upon the unstable point of vague human pity soon topples,—and Marcella finds her occupation gone.

Some critics have found her mother incomprehensible,—but the wreck of her married life by her husband's crime and its effect upon such a nature as hers, producing an entirely abnormal character, is one of the masterstrokes of Mrs. Ward's genius. She is engraved with microscopic fidelity, not painted with the broad touch and free brush used in delineating Marcella. Mrs. Boyce's self-protective detachment from surrounding interests,

— her cool stoicism, and withal her love for her dog, are delicate touches of realism. Every fine stroke tells, especially the subtle tie woven by mutual repression of nature between her and the kindred character of Aldous Raeburn. Her want of maternal affection is understood upon closer study. When the blow fell, after the first horror of her husband's crime and infidelity, a feeling of relief must have been uppermost in her, that there was no son to inherit the father's shame. That there was a daughter was a misfortune; but, like all else in the misery of her lot, it was to be borne with sternest fortitude: no relaxing of that grim endurance, or reason would give way. When Marcella became a woman, her mother and she had grown so far apart, lived in such different worlds, that there could be no sympathy between them; her mother's absorption in the task she had set herself of duty to the ignoble husband, made Marcella's tastes seem strange and irrational to her,—a discord to be ignored. Her daughter's exuberant life and beauty were to her like a glare of painful light to sick and suffering eyes. Given the conditions, no character could show more clearly the effects. Her desire to leave Marcella after her husband's death proves Mrs. Ward's keen study of this character. It is so apparently unnatural that she would not have invented it; it must have been drawn from some living prototype.

There is in this novel an entire departure from the intricacy of plot of the novels of the middle of the century. We can readily discern the end from the beginning, and there are few *contretemps* to disturb the flow of events. Characterization is altogether the strong and main point. Of the minor characters in *Marcella* some are living, breathing people. This is especially true of Miss Agneta Raeburn, who is perfectly real and natural, as is also Lord Maxwell. Even Betty Macdonald, though more slightly sketched, can be seen and known. Wharton is a

type too well known in American politics to require proving, though too often Mrs. Ward makes him a mere mouthpiece for the expression of the views of his class of socialists. The question arises: Is he individual? His creator evidently worked patiently upon him, especially upon the mental process by which he arrived at his final degeneracy, and the study in psychology is good, but we doubt that he was a living, breathing entity. Mrs. Ward seems to have a grudge against him for his youth and beauty; and when her own life story is told it may be found that, like George Eliot's, her mind was dominated by her own heart experiences, and that her ideal heroes were accordingly made or marred.

Edward Hallin is an embodiment of the qualities of conservative socialism and answers the purpose of a confidant to Raeburn—who, as he is a repressed person, cannot speak his feelings, but must write them to some one, or else we should not know them. Hallin serves to bridge the chasm between extreme socialism and the claims of the present proprietors: a motive rather didactic than strictly artistic. As a consequence, he is not particularly vivid or human. The Cravens are mere etchings of little value and of no great degree of reality. Lady Selina Farrell is a type of Mrs. Ward's own, and as we know as little of the English nobility as her creator apparently knows, we cannot judge of the truth of this product of environment. Lady Winterbourne is not a personality at all, but, as our president has said, "a thing of shreds and patches." In the execution of Mr. Boyce we have no masterly strokes and he does not materialize. In her characterization of the lower orders Mrs. Ward is at her best—is, in fact, inimitable. Jim Hurd, the living, rebellious protest against the existing order of things; Westall, bad yet natural, with his one good trait; Mrs. Jellison, who is realism itself, and who supplies the liveliest humor in the book; and the pathetic figure of Minta

Hurd, which we can never forget,—these are specimens of our author's best work.

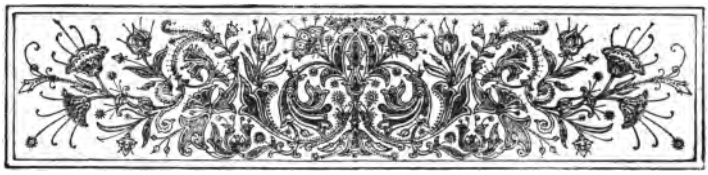
The socialism of which we hear so much in this book is rarely introduced in a perforce or didactic manner; generally we breathe it in as the natural atmosphere of the time. It has been said that Mrs. Ward " writes each novel for a *Purpose*, with a capital P,"—but the ribs of the skeleton do not protrude painfully in the work before us. In *Robert Elsmere* the skeleton purpose is in the closet, but we constantly feel its presence,—the motive of that mysterious book upon the shelf which proved, or might have proved if one had ever had the opportunity of reading it, that the Christian religion was, as somebody says, " a grotesque fungoid growth from the root of ancestor worship." We have nothing of this in *Marcella*, and an orthodox Christian might read it and imagine, if he pleased, that its heroine's motives were drawn from the faith he reveres,—but to the initiated it is perfectly plain that she is an embodiment, and her career the working out, of Matthew Arnold's theories.

While reading Mrs. Ward's books one is always haunted by her grandfather's ghost, and as Tennyson imagines Adam our first father as looking down upon us :

> " From yon blue heavens above us bent
> The grand old gardener and his wife
> Smile at the claims of long descent,"

—so one can but wonder if the grand old Arnold of Rugby smiles or frowns at his granddaughter's work.

MARY WICKLIFFE VAN NESS.



XIII.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN'S LYRICAL POEMS.

WHEN Tennyson died, leaving vacant the poet-laureateship, the duties of which he had filled so worthily and so beautifully for over forty years, there was a general shock of surprise throughout the literary world when Mr. Alfred Austin was appointed as his successor. By virtue of the office which Tennyson and Wordsworth had ennobled, the new poet-laureate has come suddenly into prominence. He has been the object of much unfavorable criticism, but it is as unfair as it is idle to compare him with men of greater genius. It may be the fault of the present age, so wonderful in science and invention, that it has produced no great poet, —and he has been judged by the accepted authorities the most fitting man that England has to offer for the place. Swinburne, with his melody and passion, has surely more of the magic of true poetry, but he is too much of a radical, both in politics and religion, to please conservative England. Austin, on the other hand, is a personal friend of the Queen and of the prime minister, and a loyal supporter of their policy. He is thoroughly English, too, in his use of the honest, homely Saxon words which are so dear to the people, and these impart, at times, a touch of quaintness to his style that is very pleasing.

A knowledge of the life of the man often helps us to understand the work of the poet. Alfred Austin was born near Leeds in May, 1835. His father was a mer-

chant and a magistrate of that town. Both his parents were Roman Catholics, and he was brought up in their church—although now, like Arnold, he is an agnostic, with a warm sympathy and admiration for the Church of England. He was educated at various Catholic institutions, graduating from the University of London in 1853; then, to please his parents, he studied law, but soon abandoned that profession for the more congenial pursuit of literature. He has written much for reviews and magazines, and has given us some valuable prose criticism, but it is his poetical works that chiefly interest us, and of these his lyrical poems have been chosen for our discussion.

In his beautiful country home sixty miles from London, Mr. Austin lives very "near to nature's heart," and it is probably this close companionship with nature which has preserved for him the innocence, simplicity, and purity which constitute his chief charm. Like Wordsworth, he averts his "ken from half of human fate." City life—the life of men together—with its toil and struggle and achievement, its pain and self-sacrifice, does not appeal to him. He dismisses it rather contemptuously in one line:

"In woods men feel; in towns they think."

Mr. William Watson has well said that the two distinguishing notes of Austin's poetry are "a love of country and a love of the country"; and he has also called him "the poet-laureate of the seasons." Certainly, many of his best stanzas have been inspired by what he calls "the rapture of an English spring."

"When cowslips come again, and spring
Is winsome with their breath
And life 's in love with everything—
With everything but death."

He views the seasons from a variety of standpoints, but spring is always to him the time of light, and life, and beauty.

" The boles are brown, the branches gray,
Yet green buds live on every spray.
But 't is the ground most wins your gaze,
And makes you question, with amaze,
What these are? Shells flung far and wide
By winter's now fast-ebbing tide,
In language called, for him who sees
But grossly, wood anemones!
Those too? Nay, pluck not. You will find
That they maintain a silent mind.
You do not understand? I meant
They will not talk to you in scent.
Sweet violets you know; but these
Have their own rustic way to please,
Their charm is in the look, their free
Unfrightened gaze of gaiety.
Are they not everywhere? Their eyes
Glance up to the cerulean skies
And challenge them to match the glow
Of their own bluer heaven below. . . .
Lo! wheresoe'er you onward press
Shine milky ways of primroses.
So thick there are, when these have birth,
Far fewer stars in heaven than earth;
Beholding these would you not say
The world was born but yesterday,
And while the years such scenes unfold
Afresh, it never can grow old."

The thrush is the " poet-prophet of the spring," of whom he says:

" Thou flauntest winter with thy lay
And art thyself the spring!"

The nightingale is

" the poet-bird that sings,
Through joy, through sorrow, through all things.
'T is only we that do not hark
Until our own bright days grow dark.'

Summer seems to Austin a richer and completer spring without its freshness, and already touched with the shadow of decay:

> " Then revel in your roses, reckless June,
> Revel and ripen swift to your decay,
> But your turn will follow soon,
> And the rounding harvest moon
> Avenge the too brief innocence of May."

Then,

> " as the sunset saddens in the west
> Funereal mist comes creeping down the dale
> And widowed Autumn weeps behind her veil,"—

while Austin's winter, with her

> ' dumb days
> Where neither sunlight is nor smiles of flowers,"

reminds us of our own " melancholy days."

In his " Defence of English Spring," he tells us something of the inspiration and the aim of his poetry. He seems to have taken Arnold's advice to " seek repose in nature," and there he found, what Arnold vainly sought, how " to merge doubt in melody."

> " Now think you that I gleaned all this,
> This mite of wisdom, wealth of bliss
> In dusty shelf or yellowing tome?
> Is it not rather that I roam
> From dawn to noon, from noon till eve,
> Ready to gladden or to grieve
> With every aspect, impulse, mood
> Of nature's active solitude?
> Ah! if you knew the hours on hours
> One lives with birds, one spends with flowers,
> How often all one has to show
> For days that come and days that go
> Are woodland nosegays all ablow,
> You then I think would scarcely deem
> Our songs of spring a borrowed theme,
> But own that English poets learn
> In every hour, at every turn,

From nature's page, from nature's speech,
What neither book nor bard can teach . . .
Infer from her uncertain text
A hopeful creed for souls perplexed;
To them her busy calm impart,
And harmonize the human heart."

In his intense love of nature, Austin again reminds us of Wordsworth, and, indeed, Wordsworth is evidently his master, but where the greater poet always leads our thoughts "through nature up to nature's God," Austin seems to be satisfied with nature for the sake of her own beauty, and not for what that beauty reveals or suggests. He says:

"Why do you beckon to another sphere?
Here was I born,
Am deeply rooted here,
And would not be uptorn.
I want no other fields than these,
No other skies,
No redder dawn to break on bluer seas,
No brighter stars to rise. . . .
I love the mystery, nor seek to solve,
Content to let the stars revolve,
Nor ask to have their meaning clear,
Enough for me, enough to feel,
To let the mystic shadows steal
Into a land whither I cannot follow."

It is nature in her every-day aspect with which Austin is most at home,—English meadows and orchards and exquisitely cultivated gardens,—rather than the grandeur of the mountains or the vastness of the sea. Only in his poem on "Celestial Heights" does he lift us up amid "sun-confronting peaks," to feel

"as air and sky expand
That here the spirit as the flesh
Grows fragrant, dewy, healthful, fresh,
And, like the landscape, grand!"

Austin's love of his country is second only to his love of nature. He is proud—as every Englishman must be—of his

> " privileged Isle,
> This brave, this blest,
> This deathless England."

On returning home from Italy he gives his best expression to his love and admiration for his mother country.

> " And well I know that there will greet me there
> No soft foam fawning upon smiling strand,
> No scent of orange groves, no zephyrs bland,
> But Amazonian March with breast half bare,
> And sleety arrows whistling through the air,
> Will be my welcome from that burly land.
> Yet he who boasts his birthplace yonder lies
> Owns in his heart a mood akin to scorn
> For sensuous slopes that bask 'neath southern skies,
> Teeming with wine and prodigal of corn,
> And gazing through the mist, with misty eyes,
> Blesses the brave, bleak land where he was born."

> " How should strange lands, it boots not where,
> Divorce one from one's native air,
> Or in a loyal breast dethrone
> Unreasoning reverence for one's own."

Austin has also that necessary enthusiasm for the history, the institutions, and the royal family of England, without which no one could be poet-laureate. The Jubilee has, of course, taxed his powers to the utmost, and it cannot be said that his made-to-order poems are very successful. In one of them he carried his conservatism too far for even the Queen herself, one may venture to suppose, when he makes her say:

> " Being a woman *only*
> I can be not *great*, but *good*";

and in another he expresses the cheerful hope that " *long* may she *linger*."

Austin has given us many interesting criticisms of other poets in his poems, and the tribute that he pays to those he loves is often very beautiful. Of Byron, whom he calls his " earliest master," and " the strongest voice of later days," he writes:

" For me, I think of you as one
Who vaguely pined for worthier lot
Than to be blinked at by the sun,
But found it not.

" Who blindly fought his way from birth,
Nor learned till 't was too late to heed,
Not all the noblest songs are worth
One noble deed " ;

on Shelley's death:

" We felt we had no right to keep
What never had been ours ;
That thou belongedst to the deep,
And the uncounted hours ;
That thou earthly no more wert
Than the rainbow's melting skirt,
The sunset's fading bloom, and midnight's
shooting showers " ;

and his favorite, Wordsworth:

" Your sacred music still is heard
When notes profane have died,
Like some familiar home-bred word
You in our lives abide ;
And when with trackless feet we rove
By meadow, mountain, mere, or grove,
We feel you at our side."

Those of us who know and love George Eliot are glad to read the tribute that he pays to her in whom " compassion " and " exonerating pity " never failed. " A Poet's Eightieth Birthday " he dedicates to Tennyson, to whose brow, " by right divine, the laurel lapsed " from Wordsworth's. Of himself, he writes very modestly as but a gleaner in the field of fame,

" Whence the main harvest hath been gathered in."

He gratefully acknowledges his debt to the older poets, the reapers of the past, whose songs he echoes in his own feebler strains. Poetry is Austin's religion, of which the poet is the prophet and the priest.

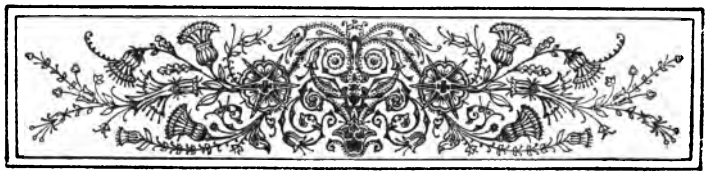
" Then apprehended right his lays
Shall seem a hymn of prayer and praise,
To purify from stain ;
Shall bridge with love the severed years,
Instil the sacredness of tears,
The piety of pain.

" Let him then rest where now he lies,
So that if narrower ritual dies,
Devout feet still may come,
Confessing what his strains impart,
The deep religion of the heart
That never will be dumb."

To many the best and truest lesson Austin has to teach is embodied in his little poem on " Content." He is neither high nor deep enough to inspire us with divine discontent, with longings and ideals that can never be satisfied, but he does try to make us see and prize the simple, every-day joys and compensations of our lives.

" I could not find the little maid, Content,
So out I rushed and sought her far and wide,
But not where Pleasure each new fancy tried,
Heading the maze of reeling merriment,
Nor where with restless eyes and bow half bent
Love, in a brake of sweet-brier, smiled and sighed,
Nor yet where Fame towered, crowned and glorified,
Found I her face, nor whereso'er I went.
So homeward back I crawled, like wounded bird,
When lo ! Content sat spinning at my door ;
And, when I asked her where she was before,
' Here all the time,' she said, ' I never stirred ;
Too eager in your search you passed me o'er,
And, tho' I called, you neither saw nor heard.' "

LOUISE FINLEY.



XIV.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S POEMS.

IT is fitting that at the close of our course of study we should have Mr. Watson's poems as our subject for discussion. Having chosen Matthew Arnold as our central figure and as the typical expression of the influences of the time, it follows naturally that we should close with the poet whose verse concludes that classical and agnostic tradition that originated with Clough. Arnold stands as the highest exponent of this school, in power and perfection never approached by Clough, and evidently out of Watson's reach. Watson writes in the same minor key, but enchantment is wanting, and there is a finality about his melancholy that excludes the visionary gleam which illumines the greater poet's verse. It is as if

> "Fated among time's fallen leaves to stray,
> We breathe an air that savours of the tomb,
> Heavy with dissolution and decay."

We have gathered from other writers an impression of restlessness in these last years of the century; have noted sceptical and critical tendencies; but nowhere have these been presented to us with such a sense of doom—doom, surely, of the poet's inspiration—as in one of Watson's latest poems, "The Unknown God." Former poems of his betray the doubt and melancholy that pervade his philosophy, but such reckless and open confession of

agnosticism is of the nature of a shock. If, like Arnold, he could have paused till he possessed his soul again, the outlook for the poet's future work would be much brighter. It was Arnold's "ultimate hope" that prevented his strain of melancholy from degenerating into pessimism.

Circumstances have made the poem alluded to the subject of more criticism and comment, doubtless, than have greeted any occasional poem since Tennyson's "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." Its interest to us lies in its exposition of our author's religious views, and we quote it first, not because of its poetical value, but because as a recent and most definite utterance, it had better be placed in the forefront of those poems that indicate doubt and religious discontent. The title indicates his agnostic views, and the body of the poem reveals the fact that this agnosticism is of pantheistic character:

"The God I know of, I shall ne'er
Know, though he dwells exceeding nigh.
Raise thou the stone and find me there,
Cleave thou the wood and there am I.
Yea, in my flesh his spirit doth flow,
Too near, too far, for me to know.

"Whate'er my deeds, I am not sure
That I can pleasure him, or vex:
I that must use a speech so poor
It narrows the supreme with sex.
Notes he the good or ill in man?
To hope he cares is all I can.

. . . . . .

"And dreaming much, I never dare
To dream that in my prisoned soul
The flutter of a trembling prayer
Can move the Mind that is the Whole.
Though kneeling nations watch and yearn,
Does the primordial purpose turn?

. . . . . .

" Unmeet to be profaned by praise
Is he whose coils the world enfold;
The God on whom I ever gaze,
The God I never once behold;
Above the cloud, beneath the clod:
The Unknown God, the Unknown God."

The poem speaks for itself. There is nothing indefinite about it. It leaves the feeling that here, after having written much that is beautiful and sympathetic, Watson's poetic insight has failed him, and that he has cut himself off from the source of inspiration. He has put himself on record, so to speak, and should his soul ever yearn toward God, Truth, and the Infinite Love, this fateful outcome of an indignant mood may recur to bar expression of better and more hopeful thought. Should he disregard it, and write as feeling urged, he would probably be met with the charge of inconsistency, which by the way has already been preferred against him. It has been remarked that while in opposition to Mr. Kipling he here disclaims all belief in the God of Hosts, other of his poems suggest such belief. While this is true in a sense, as in the appeal to God in the " New National Anthem," " A New Year's Prayer," and other pieces, it can be shown that his idea of the " Somewhat that we name, but cannot know " is throughout the centre of his philosophy. His lines to Aubrey De Vere deny belief in a personal God in Christ:

"Not mine your mystic creed; not mine in prayer
And worship at the ensanguined cross to kneel;
But when I mark your faith how pure and fair,
How based on love, on passion for man's weal,
My mind, half envying what it cannot share,
Reveres the reverence which it cannot feel."

He is undecided in regard to immortality and the future life. He would not dismiss

" with light, hard phrase and cold,
Even if it be but fond imagining,
The hope whereto so passionately cling
The dreaming generations from of old."

In a poem called " The Great Misgiving," he dwells upon a haunting doubt:

" And ah, to know not, while with friends I sit,
And while the purple joy is passed about,
Whether 't is ampler day divinelier lit
Or homeless night without;

" And whether, stepping forth, my soul shall see
New prospects, or fall sheer—a blinded thing!
There is, O grave, thy hourly victory,
And there, O death, thy sting."

In a recent poem he describes men as God's captives,—a sadly pessimistic thought—and this is the captive's dream:

" Ah, if there be indeed
Beyond some darksome door a secret stair
That, winding to the battlements, shall lead
Hence to pure light, free air!
This is the master hope, or the supreme despair."

If in a review of his poems we find little that is hopeful from a religious point of view, there is certainly no lack of high ethical spirit—nothing that does not tend toward the good, the true, the pure in human nature. Mention of these qualities leads up to what is, strange as it may seem after reading " The Unknown God," a leading characteristic of the poet, that is, his ideal patriotism. Watson loves England, and longs for her to stand first among nations not only in strength of arms but in lofty principle as well. He writes with more passion of the instances where according to his vision she has disregarded " her high imperial lot," than on any other subject. We find this exemplified in his sonnets of March

and April, 1885. One of these, " Hasheen," especially portrays the vehemence of his feelings where the matter of England's righteousness and honor is at stake:

" ' Of British arms, another victory ! '
Triumphant words, through all the land's length sped.
Triumphant words, but, being interpreted,
Words of ill sound, woful as words can be.
Another carnage by the drear Red Sea—
Another efflux of a sea more red !
Another bruising of the hapless head
Of a wronged people yearning to be free.
Another blot on her great name who stands
Confounded, left intolerably alone
With the dilating spectre of her own
Dark sin, uprisen from yonder spectral sands :
Penitent more than to herself is known ;
England, appalled by her own crimson hands."

Right here we have a suggestion as to the motive of his retort to Mr. Kipling's " Recessional Hymn," in the last stanzas of " The Unknown God." It is easy to see that his sympathies are with the oppressed, and England's apparent indifference to the struggles of the little band of Christians against the Turks, in Southern Europe, has roused his indignation and inflamed the smouldering scepticism within him. Whether it is expedient for England to take up the cause of her Christian brethren is, as has been sarcastically hinted, not for Watson to decide; but surely the ideal patriotism of the poet has struck a true chord. It seems intolerable to him that a matter of expediency should be considered by illustrious England before duty in God's cause and the cause of humanity. His scorn is great that England should hesitate to do the work of Heaven lest Heaven should hurl her in the dust. It seems far more likely, after reading all of the poet's verse, that his allusion to Kipling's hymn was more from this disappointment than from any personal jealousy of its author's popularity, as has been hinted. There is no

evidence of any such pettiness in all his work, and his pen seems ever ready for the praise of other singers. His bitterness springs from a higher source, and a more fatal one to him—the awful inconsistencies of life. A poem lately published, called "Hellas, Hail!" illustrates his appreciation of the Grecian struggle and his opinion regarding England's position.

In many instances, however, he has written with pride of his native land, and his homage to her past is unqualified. His "New National Anthem," a paraphrase of the National Hymn, is good, and one verse should be quoted to remark his popular sympathies:

> "Too long the gulf betwixt
> This man and that man fixt
> Yawns yet unspanned.
> Too long that some may rest,
> Tired millions toil unblest.
> God lift our lowliest,
> God save our land."

His feeling is not for the high in power, but for the struggling masses, the downtrodden and oppressed. Among all his songs, there is none to royalty, and there is no suggestion of flattery of England's aristocracy. Another verse of the National Hymn serves to show that he places the people above the Crown:

> "God bless our reigning race!
> Truth, honor, wisdom, grace,
> Guide their right hand!
> Yet, though we love their sway,
> England is more than they:
> God bless their realm, we pray,
> God save our land!"

This is only an instance, but from the general tenor of his work it is easy to perceive that Watson could never have been poet-laureate, however great his poetical worth.

He sympathizes with Ireland in her misfortune and blindness, but from his poem, "England to Ireland," one would not infer that he favors Mr. Gladstone's policy of Home Rule. Nor would it seem from his sonnet, "A Political Luminary," that he approves his policy in general, however much he admires the man. "After the Titans" is a fine ode to Gladstone and Salisbury:

> "Strong souls and massive, such as England bred
> In the brave day that cometh not again."

Watson touches but lightly upon art and music, and in no instance do they appear as inspirations of his verse. In one place he says of art:

> "There is toil on the steeps,
> On the summit, repose";

in another place, among his epigrams:

> "The thousand painful steps at last are trod,
> At last the temple's difficult door we win;
> But perfect on his pedestal the god
> Freezes us hopeless when we enter in."

He deals with nature much as Arnold did; rarely with the purpose of describing her beauty, generally as she serves to illustrate a particular mood, or chimes with some line of contemplation. He does not write of spring with the pure joy in its bloom and sunshine that inspires Mr. Austin. Autumn he has made his own by one beautiful refrain. He confesses the same fascination that the skylark possessed for Shelley and Wordsworth. "The First Skylark of Spring" is one of his best lyrics, musical and earnest. Into it he pours his sense of man's impotence, and bewails the limitations of human life and aspiration. Its introspectiveness reminds us even more of Matthew Arnold than of the poets just mentioned:

"Thy spirit knows nor bounds nor bars;
On thee no shreds of thraldom hang:
Not more enlarged, the morning stars
Their great Te Deum sang.

"But I am fettered to the sod,
And but forget my bonds an hour;
In amplitude of dreams a god,
A slave in dearth of power."

Perhaps the sea, "that thousand-memoried, unimpulsive sea," appeals more to Watson than anything else in nature: he has more frequent mention of it than of landscape, trees, or flowers. This is especially noticeable in his longest poem, "The Prince's Quest"; a poem which has some fine lines, but which is too allegorical and too long drawn out.

His subdued thought and melancholy temperament are well expressed and revealed in the group of elegiac poems with which we end. They are not more perfect in form and finish than many of his sonnets and lyrics, but his love for the poets—and here he wins our strongest sympathy—places him in touch with them and enables him to write with true insight and poetic charm. He is inspired by his theme, and the result is an impression of highest relative success.

"Lachrymæ Musarum" is a fine tribute to the late poet-laureate. The first stanza is remarkably Tennysonian in style. It should be quoted in evidence of this resemblance, and because it expresses in a few words Watson's estimate of Tennyson, which is enlarged on throughout the poem:

"Low, like another's, lies the laureled head:
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er:
Carry the last great bard to his last bed.
Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.
Land that he loved, that loved him!—nevermore
Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild seashore,
Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,

Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread
The master's feet shall tread.
Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute:
The singer of undying songs is dead."

Higher praise could hardly be given than is accorded in this poem, but it lacks the tenderness that marks the elegy on Wordsworth. It would appear that Watson, like Arnold, has taken that great poet as his master, for he offers him a worshipful devotion. In the opening verses of "Wordsworth's Grave" we have a fresh glimpse of the author's pantheism, and notice, not only in them, but throughout the elegy, a deep appreciation of the quality that Arnold found in Wordsworth and prized so highly — peace and repose. Stanzas in the second part bring out beside our author's felicity of expression in allusion to the poets:

"Poet who sleepest by this wandering wave!
When thou wast born, what birth-gift hadst thou then?
To thee what wealth was that the Immortals gave,
The wealth thou gavest in thy turn to men?

"Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine;
Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view;
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

"What hadst thou that could make so large amends
For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed,
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends?—
Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.

"From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,
From Byron's tempest anger, tempest mirth,
Men turned to thee and found—not blast and blaze,
Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

"Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,
There in white languors to decline and cease;
But peace whose names are also rapture, power,
Clear sight, and love: for these are parts of peace.

He reviews the poetry of the period previous to Wordsworth's manhood, passing with appropriate, illuminating touch each poet in his turn, until he comes to those

> "Twin morning stars of the new century's song,—
> Those morning stars that sang together. . . .
>
> "In elvish speech the Dreamer told his tale
> Of marvellous oceans swept by fateful wings.
> The Seer strayed not from earth's human pale,
> But the mysterious face of common things
>
> "He mirrored as the moon in Rydal Mere
> Is mirrored, when the breathless night hangs blue;
> Strangely remote she seems and wondrous near,
> And by some nameless difference born anew."

This is the longest of the elegies, and the best. The quite different style of "Shelley's Centenary" is equally well adapted to the subject; the verse throbs with life, the poet seeming to partake of the spirit he is dreaming over, and the poem is buoyantly lyrical. "In Laleham Churchyard," on the contrary, is appropriately cold, contemplative, critical. Perhaps the writer does not realize how much akin his own mind is to Arnold's. He says of him: "The deep authentic mountain thrill ne'er shook his page," and though he pays him tribute he turns at last from one

> "Too grandly free,
> Too loftily secure in such
> Cold purity,"—

to those less calm and self-contained:

> "And ye the baffled many, who
> Dejected from afar off view
> The easily victorious few
> Of calm renown,—
> Have ye not your sad glory too,
> And mournful crown?

" Great is the facile conqueror ;
Yet haply he who, wounded sore,
Breathless, unhorsed, all covered o'er
With blood and sweat,
Sinks foiled, but fighting evermore,—
Is greater yet."

Though he says of Arnold that he

" In all things sought to see the Whole ;
Brooked no disguise ;
And set his heart upon the goal,
Not on the prize,"—

he accords him that prize with less enthusiasm than one might expect.

We cannot more fittingly close than by quoting the noble lines in which Watson embodies his ideal of the poet :

" He sits above the clang and dust of Time,
With the world's secret trembling on his lip.
He asks not converse nor companionship,
In the cold starlight where thou canst not climb.

" The undelivered tidings in his breast
Suffer him not to rest.
He sees afar the immemorable throng,
And binds the scattered ages with a song.

" The glorious riddle of his rhythmic breath,
His might, his spell, we know not what they be :
We only feel, whate'er he uttereth,
This savours not of death,
This hath a relish of eternity."

ADELENE WICKS.

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